

Calling All GIRLS

Largest Circulation
Magazine For Girls

December 1942

No. 13

10c

COMICS
STORIES

Movies

FASHIONS

Gadgets

Good

Looks

Etiquette

THINGS TO DO

SPECIAL FEATURE

What Girls
are doing to

**SPEED
VICTORY**



LETTER TO A BUSY GIRL

from the Publisher of CALLING ALL GIRLS

Dear Susan:

Your letter recounting all the things you're trying to do these days was very interesting, and I'm certainly delighted to hear that you are throwing yourself so wholeheartedly into school and war activities. Did I detect just a faint tone of impatience, though? What was that crack about there being so many demands on your time that you'd have to be quintuplets to do all that people expect of you? Well, I'm sorry, pet, but you get no sympathy from me!

Of course, you're busy . . . aren't we all? But surely you don't begrudge the extra effort it takes to salvage important scrap materials, earn money for war stamps, work with the Junior Red Cross . . . or do whatever you can do to help on the home front. The boys who are on the fighting front, and the nurses who carry on under enemy fire, and the men and women who put in long hours of manual labor in our factories are making what you might conservatively call an "extra effort," too!

Of course, you have to be a little smart about planning your time. Remember how Carol used to fly around like a wild thing at camp, but never seemed to accomplish anything? We kidded her a lot about it, but seriously, that's what happens when one starts so many projects that it's impossible to complete any one of them. School comes first, naturally, and you can't chisel any time off that, but you might try to concentrate harder when you are doing your lessons, and you'd probably find they'd get finished more quickly. Let's say you manage to save just ten minutes a day that way . . . that's almost an hour a week, and in an hour you can collect as much as twenty valuable pounds of scrap rubber! But mind, no cheating on the thoroughness of the job you do on the lessons!

I wonder whether you still have trouble finding your belongings when you want them. Five or ten, or even fifteen minutes, disappear as if by magic when you're burrowing in the hall closet for rubbers that should be there but are really reposing on the back porch where you abandoned them. Minutes lost looking for things that aren't where they ought to be count up to many a worth-while job in the course of a month.

These days are so frightfully important that we need to plan them to give us the fullest measure of useful hours, for school, for war work, for helping at home . . . and for recreation. By no means should you give up all your playtime! Go ahead and have fun, play games, visit your friends, read, and go to the movies. But budget your activities so that you can do justice to both work and play. You can, if you think about it. It's a little matter of looking ahead to tomorrow, so that you can look back on yesterday with the satisfied knowledge that you've made your time count for all it's worth!

Affectionately,

Margaret

We asked Pat Geoghegan, our smooth cover model, to tell us about herself, and she said, "Oh, I'm just an ordinary girl" . . . as if every girl were a busy photographic model at 12 years old! That's when Pat started her modeling career (she's 14 now), and she wants to keep at it until she's about 22. But after that, she has no professional ambitions, she just wants to get married. Her hobbies are swimming, ice skating, singing . . . and modeling! Now that she has so many calls from Conover's famous New York model agency, she has to arrange her class periods to fit in with her posing dates, so she goes to the Professional Children's School in New York City, and she loves it. William Ward photographed Pat wearing those Merry Christmas trimmings, the latest tricks to be-glamour either blondes or brunettes . . . "Holly Berry" jewelry designed by Coro.



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GOOD FAIRY CHINA

LEE YA CHING, CHINA'S NO. 1 AVIATRIX, HAS FLOWN ABOUT THE WORLD TO HELP HER PEOPLE



DO YOU THINK I COULD FLY LIKE THAT AND HELP PEOPLE?

PERHAPS SOME DAY, YA CHING.

YA CHING'S FATHER GAVE HER ALL THE ADVANTAGES FORMERLY GIVEN ONLY TO BOYS IN CHINA. SHE LEARNED TO FENCE, BOX, AND RIDE.



TELL ME A STORY ABOUT THE FAIRIES, GRANDMOTHER.

ONCE UPON A TIME, THE GOOD FAIRIES FLEW FROM TREES AND ROOFTOPS TO RESCUE THE POOR PEOPLE...

A FEW YEARS LATER, IN 1931...

DID YOU DO MUCH TRAVELING AFTER SCHOOL?

OH, YES! AFTER I FINISHED IN ENGLAND, FATHER, I TOURED ALL OVER ITALY, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, AND RUSSIA.



WHEN YA CHING WAS A CHILD, SHE LOVED TO BE TOLD FAIRY TALES.

BUT YA CHING'S CAREFREE TRAVELS AND STUDIES ENDED SUDDENLY!



FATHER, I MUST DO SOMETHING TO HELP CHINA. THE JAPANESE MUST BE STOPPED!



CHINA REALLY NEEDS HER GOOD FAIRIES NOW.



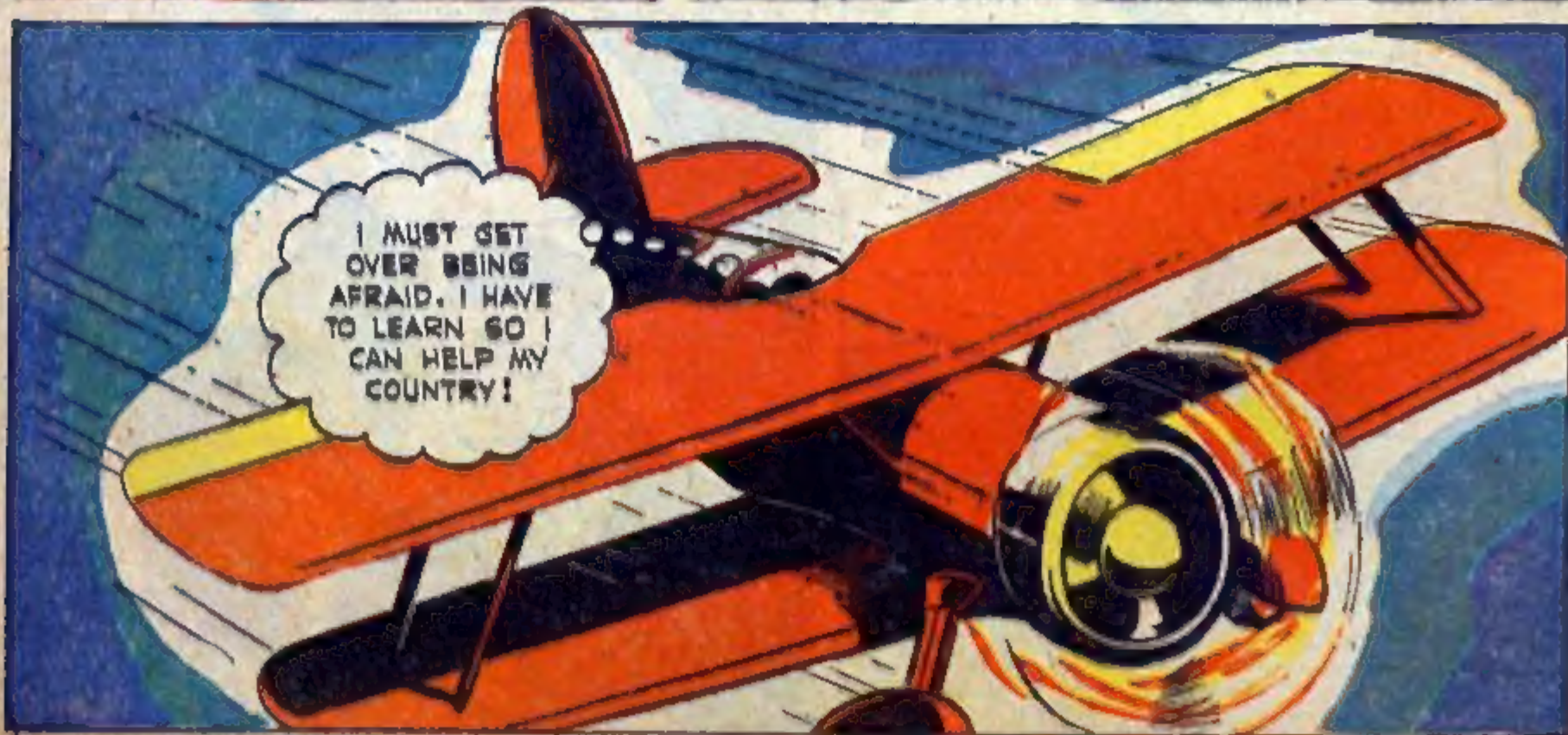
FATHER, COULD I GO BACK TO EUROPE AND LEARN TO FLY? THERE'S NO PLACE FOR ME TO LEARN HERE.



BACK IN GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, YA CHING TOOK FLYING LESSONS.

IT FEELS AWFULLY ROCKY UP HERE. I DIDN'T KNOW IT WOULD BE LIKE THIS!

YOU'LL GET USED TO THE BUMPS.



I MUST GET OVER BEING AFRAID. I HAVE TO LEARN SO I CAN HELP MY COUNTRY!

YACHING DID LEARN QUICKLY. A FEW MONTHS LATER...

YOU ARE THE FIRST WOMAN TO RECEIVE A PILOT'S LICENSE IN GENEVA, MISS LEE.

I'M MORE PROUD OF THE FACT I'M THE FIRST CHINESE WOMAN EVER TO RECEIVE A PILOT'S LICENSE!

ALTHOUGH SHE HAD FLOWN ALL OVER EUROPE, YA CHING STUDIED FURTHER AT THE BOEING SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS IN SAN FRANCISCO.

WE'RE GLAD YOU'RE JOINING US, MISS LEE.

BUT SHE FORGOT ONE ELEMENTARY POINT! 2,000 FEET OVER SAN FRANCISCO BAY...

READY TO TRY A BARREL ROLL?

ALL SET!

OH—I DIDN'T FASTEN MY SAFETY BELT!

ANYWAY, I HAVE A BEAUTIFUL VIEW OF THE BAY! I'M GLAD I DIDN'T FORGET MY 'CHUTE, TOO!

FALLING OUT OF A PLANE MAKES YOU A MEMBER OF THE CATERPILLAR CLUB.

YOU ALL RIGHT?

YES, JUST ALL WET!

AFTER COMPLETING HER COURSE, YA CHING RETURNED TO CHINA.

WHAT'S SHE SAYING?

SHE SAYS SHE'S FLYING AROUND CHINA TO GET PEOPLE TO LEARN FLYING.

LET'S ENROLL IN A COURSE.

CHINA NEEDS HOSPITALS. MAY I SET UP ONE IN YOUR HOTEL?

IN 1937, WHEN THE JAPANESE WERE ATTACKING SHANGHAI.

THE JAPANESE ARE MOVING INTO THE CITY. I WISH I COULD FLY AT THEM INSTEAD OF AWAY FROM THEM.

YOU'RE MORE HELP SETTING UP EMERGENCY HOSPITALS.

HURRY, YA CHING, OR WE WILL BE CAUGHT!

IF WE CAN GET TO HONG KONG, WE CAN SET UP ANOTHER HOSPITAL.

FIND LEE YA CHING! SHE'S ONE OF THE FIRST ON THE BLACKLIST!

I WANT TO CONTINUE TO DESERVE THAT HONOR.

IF WE ONLY HAD MORE MONEY, WE COULD CAUSE THE JAPANESE MORE TROUBLE!

THERE'S MY CHANCE. I CAN GO TO AMERICA TO RAISE FUNDS. YOU CARRY ON THE HOSPITALS.

YA CHING WAS RIGHT. AMERICA GAVE HER A BIG WELCOME.

WHAT'S THE
TURNOUT FOR?
A MOVIE
STAR?

SHE DID PLAY
IN A PICTURE
WITH DOROTHY
LAMOUR, BUT
SHE'S STARRING
FOR CHINA
NOW!



IS SHE FLYING
AROUND THE
COUNTRY
ALONE?

SURE! SHE USED
TO BE A PILOT
FOR CHINA'S
SOUTHWESTERN
AIRLINE.



CHICAGO
WELCOMES
YOU, MISS
LEE.

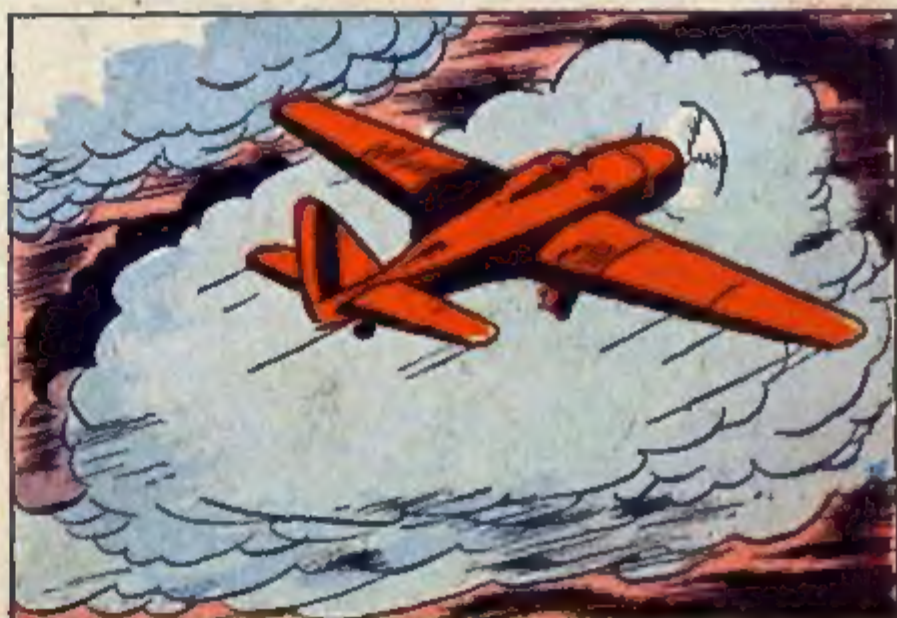
THANK YOU, MR. MAYOR.
I'M PROUD TO ADD THIS
KEY TO MY COLLECTION
OF KEYS TO AMERICAN
CITIES.



AT A BOND RALLY IN TIMES SQUARE,
NEW YORK, LED BY IRENE DUNNE, RADIO
AND MOVIE STAR...

WE WOULD LIKE
TO GIVE YOU THIS
CHINESE GOOD LUCK
CHARM, MISS DUNNE.

THANK YOU. ALL OF
US ARE WISHING
YOUR PEOPLE
GOOD LUCK, TOO!



TRUE TO HER WORD, LIKE THE GOOD FAIRIES
SHE DREAMED OF AS A CHILD, YA CHING IS
STILL FLYING IN AN EFFORT TO HELP THE
PEOPLE OF HER COUNTRY.



"Aren't you at all worried about Bob?" Ann said unsteadily.

SOLDIER'S Daughter

THREE whole days it had been like this. Snow—snow! Wind-driven flakes so thick they made a ragged white blanket from sky to earth. Piling drifts blurring the trail to Fort Good Hope.

Ann Stacy stood at the long ranch-house window, hands curled into tight little fists.

"No, I won't—I just can't," she whispered.

In the high-beamed room behind her the only sounds for over an hour had been the click of Aunt Agatha's knitting needles and the warm snapping of logs in the great fireplace.

All that terrible, cruel white.

They treated Ann like an orchid, never dreaming she had her Dad's fighting spirit to face the dangers of the frozen north

By MAXINE SHORE and M. M. OBLINGER
Authors of "Here at Darien"

As if, Ann shivered, some giant had taken an eraser and rubbed out every landmark in the world. Hard to believe that at this very moment, down home in California, someone was picking camellias. It was so different up here in northern Brit-

ish Columbia—so frighteningly, heartbreakingly different. Why—why had her handsome captain father sent her away up here for the duration? Oh, he'd said it would be better for her to be with relatives than off alone in some boarding school.

But Cap'n couldn't have known what it would be like—he just couldn't have!

"Come and sit down, child," said Aunt Agatha gently. "Watching won't bring Rob home."

Ann whirled, said unsteadily, "Aunt Agatha, aren't you worried at all? Rob's two days overdue with the mail."

The mail! Letters from the gang in Los Angeles. That precious note from her father. Delivery up here at Ptarmigan Landing two long weeks apart. An endless wait. This time, longer than ever. For Ann had written Captain John Stacy, begging to return south. She just couldn't endure the loneliness of the North.

"It just isn't my kind of place, Cap'n dear," she'd written, tears pebbling the page. "I'm simply not the pioneer type."

There should be an answer by now. She wanted it terribly. Ann bit her lips to keep back a sob.

"Isn't there anyone," she burst out, "who can go to meet Rob?"

"We've been all over that, dear," said her aunt. "All the able-bodied men not out on trap lines went with your Uncle Eric to care for the sick Indians at Moose Creek."

All the men—a handful! The entire population of Ptarmigan Landing wouldn't fill a Los Angeles block. What a place! A desert island surrounded by snow instead of water.

Ann flung out of the room. In the kitchen her heavy outdoor clothes lay over a chair. Boots, parka, snow suit. How she loathed the clumsy things!

As she climbed into the hateful garments, the half-breed cook watched her out of long flat eyes.

"You be careful, missee. You stranger here."

Ann pulled the fur-lined parka over her long yellow bob with a jerk. Three months at Ptarmigan Landing and even the cook treated her like an orchid. Without answering, she went out into the strange white world of swirling snow. Away

in the distance, wolves howled. Out here anything might happen. She might get lost, hurt. She wasn't used to the wilds. She might even freeze to death.

She kept repeating, "I'm really not going. I can't. I'm afraid."

Aunt Agatha would certainly say the plan was mad. She would insist, "You mustn't, Ann. I forbid it. You're too inexperienced—too soft."

Too soft! She was—was she? Well, maybe she was. Inside her big green mitts she clenched her soft white hands; soft feet, too, she thought rebelliously, in three pairs of socks covered by enormous boots. And her soft body, clothed with wool and fur, and deep, deep under those weighty layers—yes, her silly, soft heart fluttering like a baby's.

That's what they all thought. Ann—soft, southern, thin-blooded. To them Los Angeles perched practically on the equator. It was a city of the tropics, scorching and hot, where everyone took midday siestas. No matter what she said, they weren't convinced.

The three remaining sledge dogs yapped excitedly at her approach. One thing, thank goodness, she had learned to do—drive. Rod had taught her, but had warned her, "Don't take them unless I'm with you, Ann. Remember!"

"Why?"

"Something might happen. You're not strong, you know."

She didn't know. That hurt. Always they were ringing her round with cautions, warnings, and restrictions, all kindly meant, of course. But making her almost believe what they said. Perhaps that was why she hated it here more and more each day.

Eyes smarting, she leaned forward to straighten a tangle of dog harness.

"And me a soldier's daughter," she choked.

That made her think of her father. And when she thought of him, he was always right beside her.

"Cap'n," she said, "I'm mad—fighting mad. D'you hear?"

These sledge dogs were not, Rob had said, ordinary huskies. They were malamute wolves, the finest, hardest, fightingest breed in the world.

"That's why you must be careful, Ann. They might revert to type."

"What's that?"

Rob said seriously, "Turn wolf again. Especially if they suspect you're afraid of them."

"But what could they do?"

Her cousin had made a gesture of wiping his hands. It was plain he didn't relish telling the awful truth to one so soft, so inexperienced, so young.

"Just slash your throat," he managed finally. "Merely tear you limb from limb, that's all."

Ann stood now, harness in hand, hesitating. She looked back toward the house. Looked



A dark speck moved ahead. A wolf? Ann's heart stopped as the beast approached.

at the dogs and saw their eager, fierce eyes shining. She thought of Cap'n. Cap'n was right at her side and she could—yes, almost see him, hear him.

"'Atta girl, Ann!"

The harness she held went over the nearest malamute's back. She fitted the collar. Then the next and the next. The last one growled.

"Don't get the idea you're scaring me in the least," Ann snapped, and cuffed him across his impertinent pointed nose.

The snow was thinning as she mushed along the trail. But the air itself was straight from the North Pole. It needled her face in spite of her parka.

The dogs raced, furry bodies hurling through flying snow. All around were ridges, deep gullies, piling drifts—lonely, horribly aloof. One foot on the brake-board, big mitts gripping the handle, she clung there, to her amazement actually enjoying it. Once she laughed. How long could an orchid endure forty below? Or a California baby palm bear arctic gales? What would Rob, Aunt Agatha, and the rest think of her now?

Faster and faster, the landscape whizzed by. Hills on either side of the drifted trail were rising higher, growing into mountains. Sheer cliffs and canyons spiked with dark pine and bare poplar. Around the next horseshoe curve maybe she'd find Rob!

It stopped snowing. The cold face of the country was clear before her. Austere but with a queer, splendid sort of dignity. Ann felt exhilarated, ready for anything. On and on she went, trusting her dogs to follow the hidden route to Fort Good Hope, praying that somewhere ahead they'd find another team and a boy with a gallant grin and freckles.

Hour after hour Ann spent time recklessly. She knew now she'd go all the way, if necessary. She was the only one who could. And maybe she couldn't. But she'd try. Somehow, she was sure Cap'n would approve.

She beat hands against the sledge, stomped her feet. Inside

she was beginning to feel numb, sleepy. Slowing the dogs, she ran behind the sledge for a time to warm herself. Then on again, fast.

Dusk was brushing the mountains when she saw a dark moving speck ahead. A wolf? Ann's heart stopped. What did one do when a wolf blocked the path? No gun, no scraps of food to throw him, even. She yelled to the team to stop, but they didn't. Gritting her teeth, Ann hung on. The beast was not getting out of the way. It was running, or rather limping toward them. Ann tried to remember. Was a crippled wolf more dangerous than a healthy one?

"Archy!"

Ann couldn't believe it. Archy was Rob's lead dog, the best of them all. Leaping off the sledge, she ran floundering toward him, waist high in drifts.

"Oh, Archy, what's happened? Where's Rob?" She threw her arms around the leader's furry neck.

He whined against her shoulder, then, breaking loose, trotted up a wooded slope. Turning, he barked hopefully. Ann thought she understood.

Black was hooding the mountains as she followed the limping malamute through thickening forest. Only the sound of the creaking sledge in the eerie subarctic night, and the drumming of her own heart. Was it really she, Ann Stacy, from the land of palm and bougainvillea, following a wounded wolf-dog through the wilderness?

Light, faint as spring stars, pricked through the dark. Ann's

pulse quickened. Among the trees a cabin took shape. Quaking, not knowing what to expect, Ann halted the team, pushed open the heavy timbered door, and stepped inside.

"Rob! Oh, thank goodness!"

Fully dressed, the boy lay across the rude corner bunk. Struggling to rise, he grimaced with pain and fell back.

"Ann—you!"

His amazement touched her pride.

"Why not me?" she asked,
(Continued on page 55)

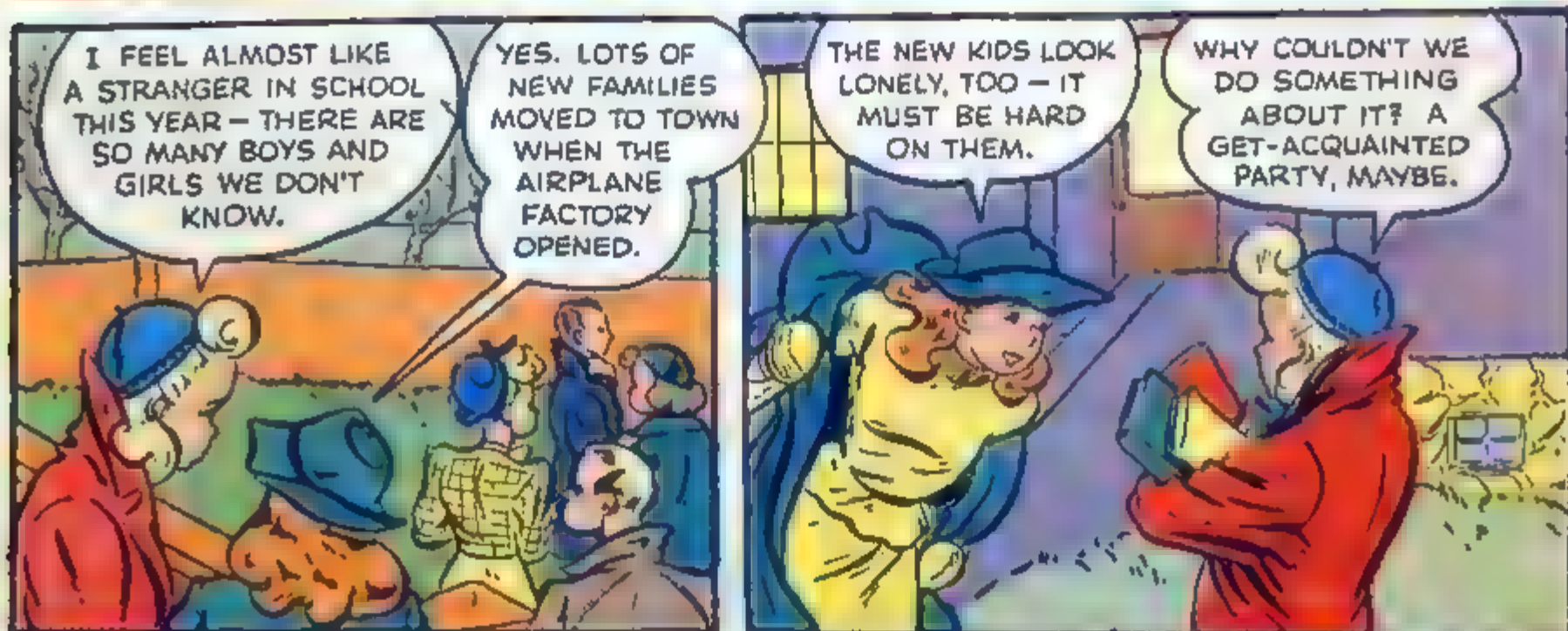


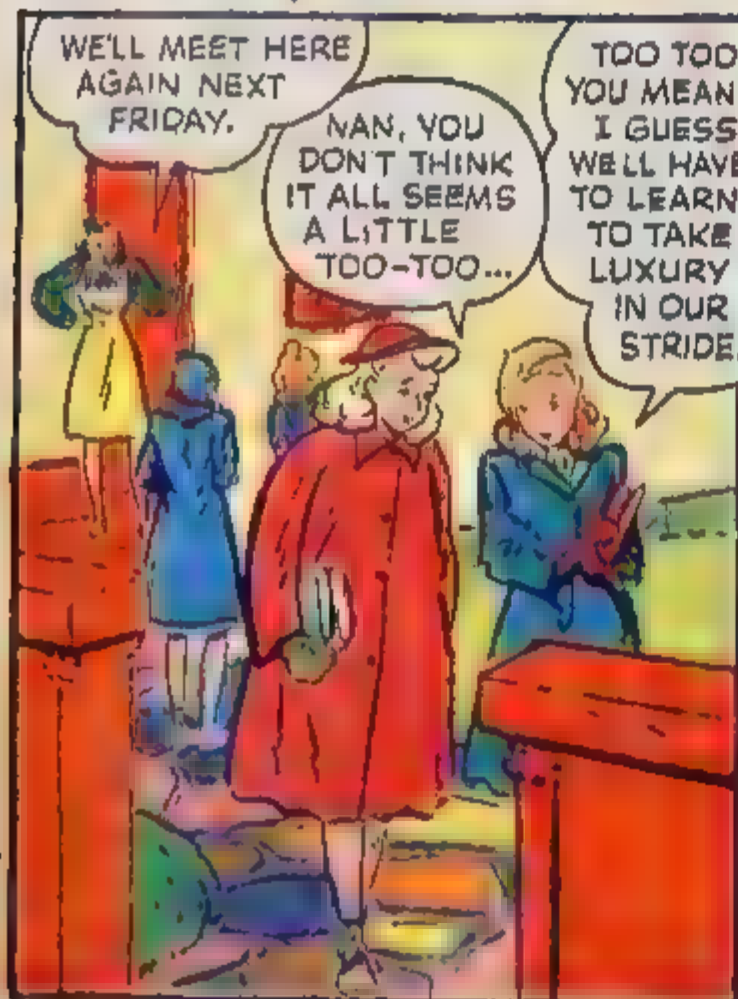
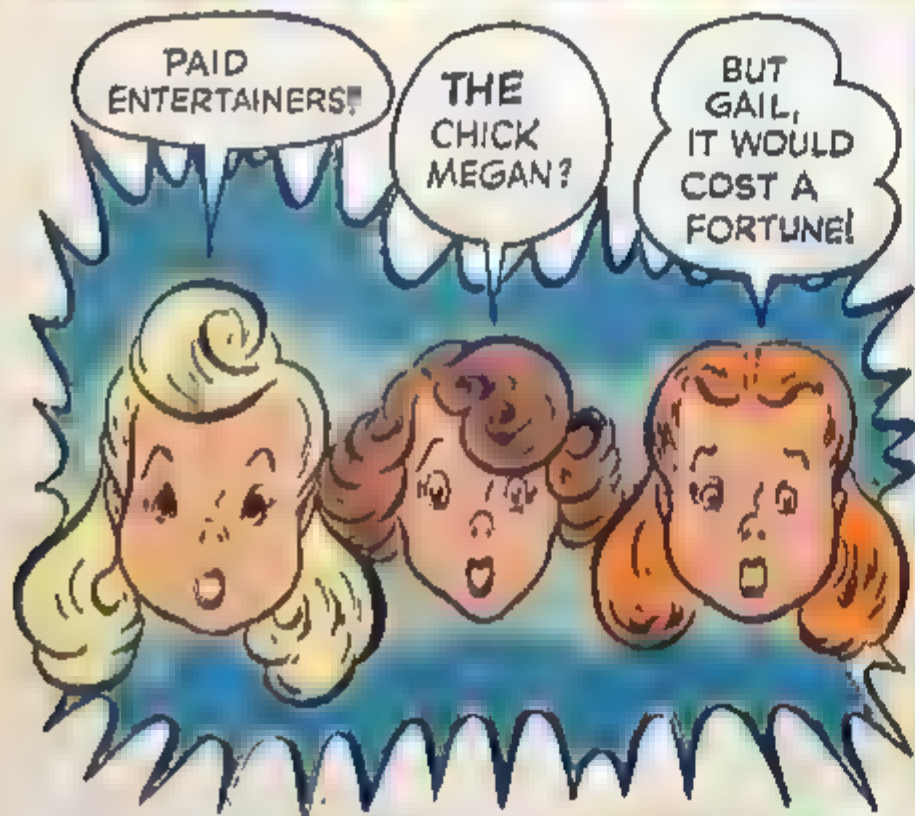
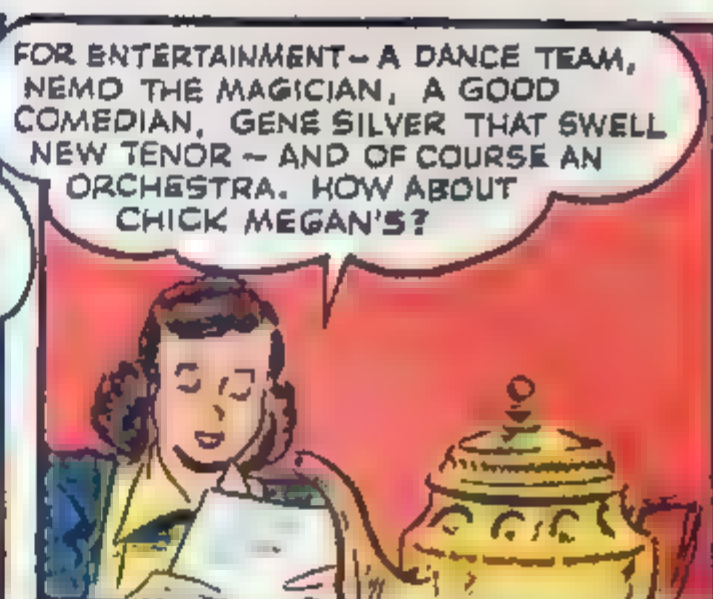
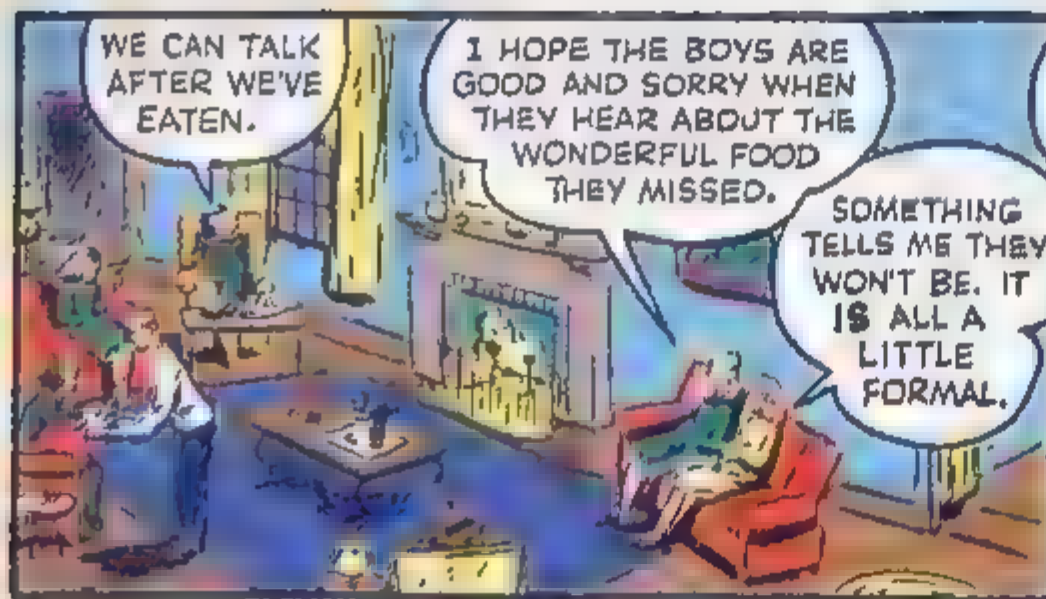
Lifting her eyes desperately to the cliff's edge she saw strands fraying from the rope. Hanging there, Ann grew faint.

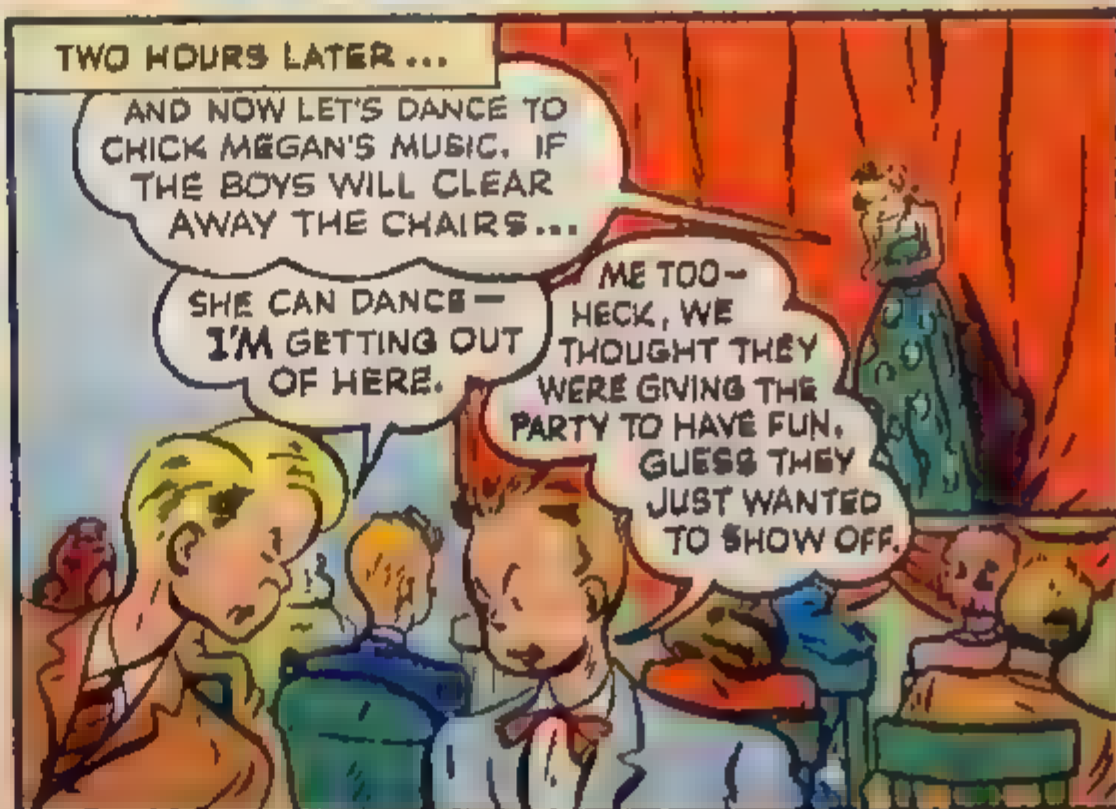
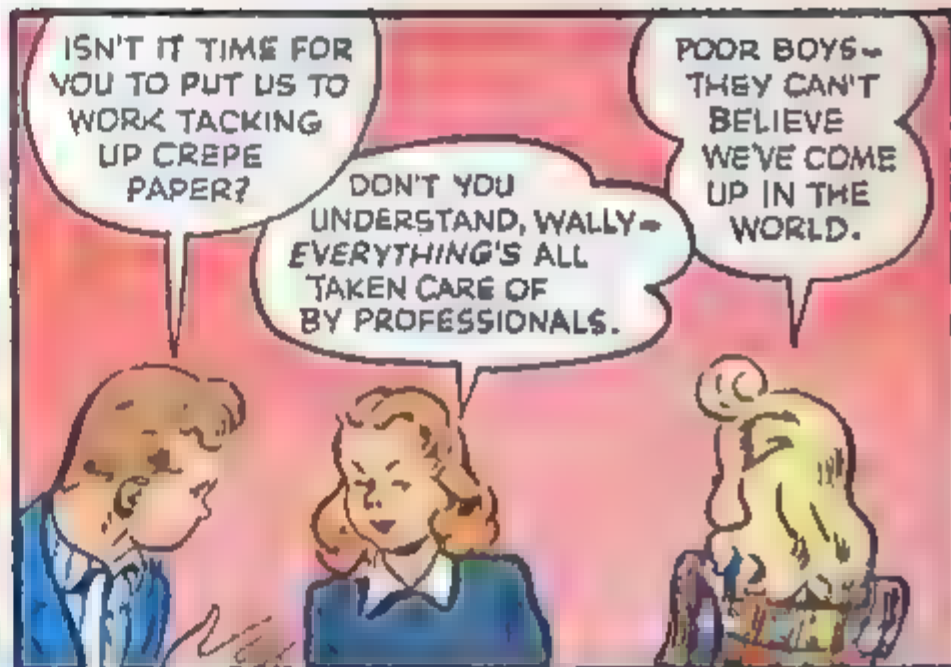
The Yorktown Younger Set...



VERY ENTERTAINING!





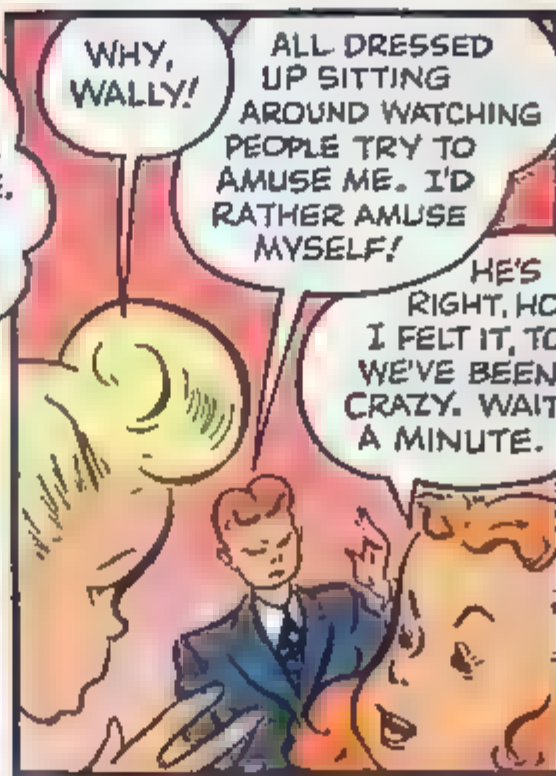




THANKS VERY MUCH—
BUT WE HAVE
TO GO
NOW.

AREN'T
YOU HAVING
A GOOD
TIME?

I CAN
ANSWER
THAT ONE.
NO.
NEITHER
AM I.



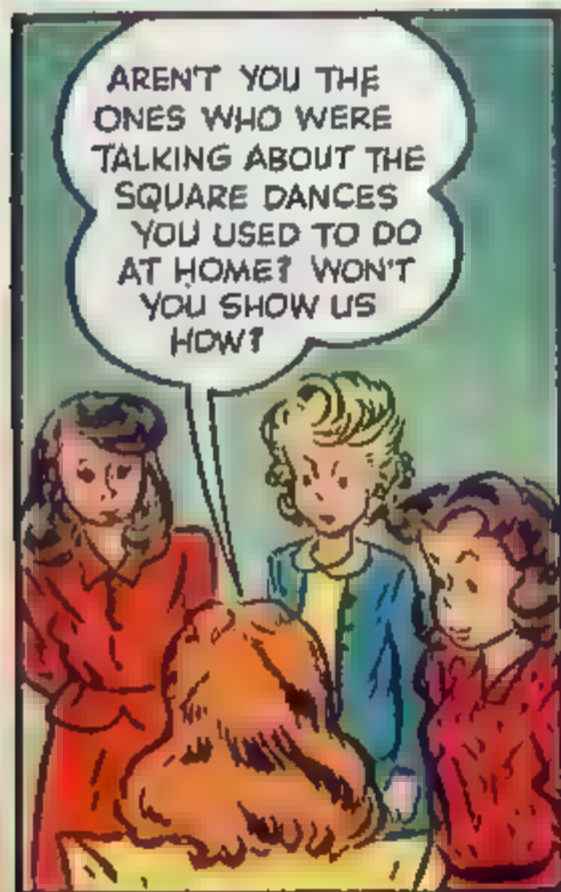
WHY,
WALLY!

ALL DRESSED
UP SITTING
AROUND WATCHING
PEOPLE TRY TO
AMUSE ME. I'D
RATHER AMUSE
MYSELF!

HE'S
RIGHT, HOLLY.
I FELT IT, TOO.
WE'VE BEEN
CRAZY. WAIT
A MINUTE.



I HEARD YOU
TWO PLAYING YOUR
HARMONICAS THE
OTHER DAY.
HOW ABOUT
JOINING THE
ORCHESTRA?

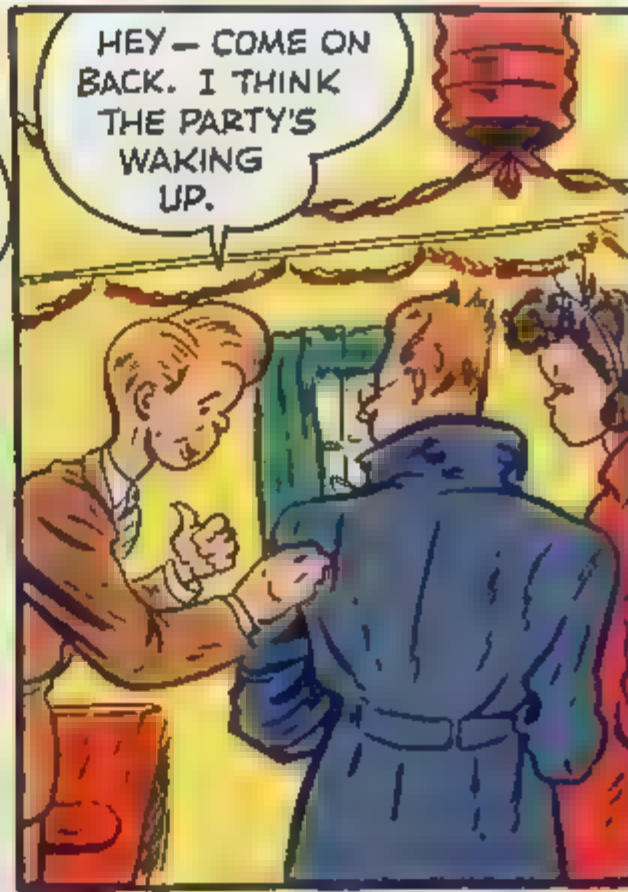


AREN'T YOU THE
ONES WHO WERE
TALKING ABOUT THE
SQUARE DANCES
YOU USED TO DO
AT HOME? WON'T
YOU SHOW US
HOW?



WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WHAT'S NAN
DOING?

SHE'S
JUST GETTING
SMART. LISTEN,
GAIL, LET ME
EXPLAIN...



HEY—COME ON
BACK. I THINK
THE PARTY'S
WAKING
UP.



SAY, THIS IS FUN,
ISN'T IT? GET
HOT, KID.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
NAN. I WAS SILLY—
MONEY DOESN'T
MAKE A PARTY.

WE WERE
ALL SILLY. FUN
ISN'T SOMETHING
YOU BUY—IT'S
SOMETHING
YOU MAKE.

WAIT, I MADE A
MISTAKE. LET'S
TRY AGAIN.

YORKTOWN
IS A GRAND
PLACE. I
KNOW WE'RE
ALL GOING
TO LOVE
IT!

LOOK FOR
NEW DOINGS
OF THE
**YORKTOWN
YOUNGER
SET**
IN EVERY
ISSUE OF
**Calling
All
GIRLS!**

OUT ABOUT
THE
FIRST OF
EACH
MONTH.

For KATHRYN with Love

The Thanksgiving barrel always contained a surprise, but this year it was a double-edged surprise with complications

By DIXIE WILLSON

Author of "Hollywood Starlet" and
"Hostess of the Skyways"

MARCIA, Alice, and Kathryn Carlton lived in the parsonage next door to the church of which their father was minister. On a chilly afternoon in early November, sitting about the roomy kitchen, they talked of how they would spend Thanksgiving Day. Marcia was darning a long red sock. Alice gave all her attention to polishing her Sam Browne belt. Kathy, youngest of the three, had just finished washing the luncheon dishes, therefore considered herself entitled to do nothing at all.

"Mother says we'll be invited to the Bingham's for Thanksgiving dinner," remarked Alice.

"Take it from me," said Marcia, "their cook's pumpkin pie is a Class A event!"

"Pie will be a minor thrill for Kathy that day," put in Alice, "what with Gay Bingham renting the whole ice rink to have herself a Thanksgiving skating party for the pigtail crowd."

"I suppose I'll get invited," conceded Kathy, "but I'm not going."

"I suppose because you haven't any skating outfit," guessed Alice. "What if you

haven't? Your Scotch plaid jumper is still fairly snappy."

"So's Noah's Ark, in a way," replied Kathy.

"I've worn that jumper so long that every time I see myself in it I feel as though I'd been poured into a mold just that way."

"Shall I start thinking up some wonderful excuse for you to give Gay?" inquired Alice.

"I wonder if I could get Father excited about buying me a skating outfit," said Kathy.

"If I know Father," offered Alice, "that might very well be his idea of something we could do without. I think you'd have better luck earning the price of it by taking care of the two Hil-yard imps after school."

"I've already tried for that job," confessed Kathy. "They have a nurse now."

"Then all you can do," decided Marcia, "is make up your mind to look as thrilled as possible in your plaid jumper. Although you do have one other chance," she added. "The barrel from Chicago is due."



"What are you going to wear?" they buzzed excitedly, and Kathy could hardly bear to listen.

Every winter the Carlton wardrobe was conjured up from clothes which arrived in a barrel sent from a large Chicago church to this smaller one several hundred miles away. It always arrived in time for Thanksgiving, Alice declaring that it made her feel like a cross between an orphan and a heathen. Most of it was second-hand but there never failed to be at least one brand new surprise for each of the three girls, Mrs. Buford Willis, chairman of the Chicago church committee, having long since acquainted herself with their names and ages. However, Kathy found it impossible to entertain much hope that the barrel would provide a solution for the problem of the moment. It appeared to be just her misfortune that Gay's party was strictly a dress affair. There were to be grand decorations. And an orchestra.

And though Kathy tried her best not to imagine herself skimming over the ice in an exotic little circular skirt lined with bright satin, that was exactly the mental picture which persisted in haunting her, only to bring her back each time to cruel reality.

Speculating on what they might expect in the barrel this year, Marcia finished her darning. Alice had just given her belt buckle one last application of elbow grease and chamois when Father arrived with a jovial "Hello" as he displayed the season's first snowflakes upon his topcoat and produced two envelopes from his pocket. One, a large white one, was undoubtedly Mrs. Bingham's request that they come for Thanksgiving dinner. The other, a gay envelope addressed to Miss Kathryn Carlton, proved to be the invitation Kathy had almost wished she would not receive.

At school next day little groups in the corridors buzzed with excitement about the party. And of course the first question by everybody to everybody was, "What are you going to wear?" It appeared that Clay had borrowed the idea for the party from a city cousin who said that nothing was considered so smooth this season as to be attending or giving a Thanksgiving Day skating party.

There were moments when Kathy thought she simply couldn't bear it. Then, of course, there were moments when her chin came up and she could almost make herself believe that the thrill of spinning, dipping, gliding over the ice would be the same whether in a skating skirt or in last year's school plaid. Surely, said Kathy to herself, somebody else would be invited who wouldn't have a special outfit. But if that was true, she failed to hear anyone admit it.

Outside the biology lab at three-thirty she met her old-

er sister and nodded glumly. "Hi, Puss in Boots," remarked Alice as they left the building together and turned down Elm Street. "I've just spoken to Mother on the phone. Guess what's at home?"

"The barrel," replied Kathy, promptly enough, though with little enthusiasm.

"Nothing else but," said Alice. "Marcia got home from school early but Mother says the grand opening will positively not take place until we get there."

Mother, Marcia, and the large barrel were waiting. Alice promptly rounded up hammer, screw driver, and chisel and the three girls pooled their efforts in prying up the lid.

General Douglas MacArthur.

The first bundle to be brought forth after the chocolates were passed was a gray tailored suit and pink frilled blouse. Mrs. Willis always marked each garment with the name of the person for whom it was intended. Of course the suit and blouse were for Mother.

A neatly folded navy beret was for Marcia—exactly what she'd been wishing for, she declared. There were three bathrobes with matching slippers, three jumpers with pockets lettered "Marcia," "Alice," "Kathryn," a dollar bill in each. A gingham luncheon set. And then Mother brought out a box upon which was written, "For Kathryn, with love."

The youngest Miss Carlton plumped herself down on the floor and lifted the lid. And what happened after that rendered the rest of the barrel's contents totally unimportant.

"Oh!" Kathy gasped. "Mother, look! Marcia, Alice, look!" She didn't realize that she also shouted to Father. And Kathy, her eyes all but popping out of her head, brought forth from between folds of tissue paper, a brand new skating outfit complete from cap to socks! It was cherry red with white fur buttons and matching shorts. There was a little silver bell on the cuff of each sock.

Meanwhile, in a homey, pleasantly old-fashioned Chicago apartment, gray-haired Mr. and Mrs. John Leland fondly studied their vivacious, dark-eyed granddaughter just arrived from boarding school for Thanksgiving. She told them all about school, and declared, finally, that she intended to sleep all day tomorrow and the next day unless there was a good reason why she shouldn't.

"There'll be a lot of good reasons," Granny laughed. "You know how your grandfather behaves when you're in town. I can't do a thing with him. He'll have you off to see the

RICHES

By ANNA C. WINLOW

There's much of wealth in the far away
O'er ages or mountains: old Cathay
Was famed for its gems beyond all price;
India's gold idols; the Orient's spice;
Silk from Arabia; the Inca hoard;
The wonderful emerald-studded sword
A conqueror lost when wrecked at sea;
And Cleo's pearls that Antony
Sipped with his wine;—but all these are
From lands and times so dim and far
I think that I will be content
With the night's diamond-sprinkled tent,
The noon sun's gold, the silver moon,
Ruby and topaz, autumn's boon.

Presently they were viewing the five-pound box of chocolates which never failed to be on top, always accompanied by a card wishing them the joys of the holiday season and signed by Mr. John Leland, whoever Mr. John Leland was. Every year the girls wondered about him. Every year they took turns describing what they thought he looked like. This year, as they opened the gold, star-trimmed box to disclose the fascinating first layer of chocolate-dipped bonbons, they agreed on a combination of Clark Gable and



Kathy stopped trying on clothes to listen eagerly. "For Kathryn, with love," Mother read from the label of the box she had just pulled from the barrel.

movies, he'll be buying you wrist watches and high heels, he'll stuff you with chocolates and ice-cream sodas in spite of all I can do! I guess you know he's an easy mark!"

Mr. John Leland chuckled as he got out of his well-worn armchair to go off for his nap.

Granny waited until he had retired to his room, then she said, "But I will admit that what he bought you last week I couldn't have resisted myself. He said he was going to surprise you, but he knows perfectly well I never keep a secret."

"So out with it," laughed Kay. "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?"

"Winnie Curtis is having a Thanksgiving skating party," Granny said. "It's to be in the Crystal Gardens. And you're invited."

"And how I love a skating party!" answered Kay with delight. "But my skating suit is practically falling apart. I'll have to get some Kelly-green

thread and start mending."

"That's just it," said Granny. "Your grandfather has gone and bought you a new one! Cherry red! He shouldn't have done it. Much too much money. You'll find the box on the spare-room bed."

"Oh, Granny!" exclaimed the object of Mr. John Leland's affections. "If there's one thing I've been craving it's a red skating suit!"

She bounded down the hall, Granny following. But there was no box on the spare-room bed. They looked under the comforter, under the pillows, and in the top bureau drawer. Then, as if having a sudden brainstorm, Granny turned on her heel and bustled out to the hall telephone.

"Hello, Angie Willis," she was presently saying. "Last week when you came to gather up the clothes I put on my spare bed for the church barrel, you didn't make a mistake, did you, and take the box I told you was

a new skating suit for Kay?"

"I don't recall you mentioning any box for Kay," replied Mrs. Buford Willis. "Did you say it into my good ear? You know I don't hear a thing on the left side. Naturally I picked up everything on the bed."

"But the box was marked, 'For Kathryn, with love,'" sputtered Granny. "I should think you'd have known it didn't belong in the church barrel."

"Oh, dear! If that's the box you mean, I did take it," Mrs. Willis said contritely. "You see, there's a Kathryn in the family we send the barrel to. I remember thinking at the time that it was so nice of you to put her name on it. But I'll get it back right away," she said hastily. "I'll sit right down and send an air-mail letter explaining."

"Kay can write the letter," Mrs. Leland replied shortly. "What's the address?" she asked, reaching for a pencil.

Fifteen minutes later Kay had penned the following note:

Dear Kathryn Carlton:

In the barrel our church sent to you last week, a red skating suit got in by mistake. It belongs to me. May I have it back by return mail as I need it for a very special party. Thank you.

Sincerely,

Kathryn Leland

She found an air-mail stamp in Granny's silver box, and put the letter in the hall for Grandfather to mail when he went out for the evening papers.

It was just about five o'clock when Mrs. Buford Willis, in great excitement, came to call.

"I hope nobody has sent off that letter to the Carltons," she began abruptly, addressing both Granny and Kay who were figuring out how many days it would take the box to come back. "I want to show you something I just received."

From her handbag she produced an envelope addressed in a round, young hand. Taking out a sheet within, she read:

Dear Mrs. Willis:

This is the happiest day of my life. The skating suit fits me exactly. I never wanted anything so much. I never thought such a wonderful thing could happen to me. I would like to tell you and the committee how much I thank you but I'm afraid I just can't put it into words.

With love,

Kathryn Carlton

Both Mrs. Willis and Granny looked at Kay perched upon the window seat.

"I thought it would change the—the tone of your letter, Kay," Mrs. Willis said a bit uncomfortably, "if you knew how Kathy Carlton felt when she found the skating suit in their barrel. I hope you don't think it's my fault. I'm just as sorry as can be."

"I can imagine how she felt," Kay replied. "Just like I'd have felt to find it on the spare-room bed."

Granny, tactfully changing the subject, invited Mrs. Willis to stay for dinner. But she said she had to hurry along. Granny took her to the door, then returned to the living room to turn on the radio for the five-thirty music she never missed, while Kay, quite as Kathy Carlton had done, imagined herself skimming, dipping, gliding over

the ice in a tricky little skating suit. Granny had given her an enchanting description of the new red one with its white fur buttons and silver bells on the cuffs of the socks.

They heard Grandfather coming down the hall. Kay met him in the doorway.

"Gramp, you're positively a darling," she said, planting a kiss squarely upon the middle of his chin. "Thanks one whole million for the skating suit. But wait until you hear what's happened to it!"

"I have heard," replied Grandfather. "In a five-room apartment you can't help eavesdropping. Looks like we gave somebody quite a surprise."

"I got two surprises," commented Kay. "One when I found out that I had a new red skating suit and one when I found out that I didn't have it!"

"Mrs. Willis should have

known better," sputtered Granny. "Aren't you awfully provoked with her, John?"

"We all make mistakes," he said with a smile. "I had my fun when I bought the thing." He glanced at the old-fashioned gold watch he carried in his vest pocket. "Time for the evening papers," he remarked.

Kay went into the hall to help him on with his topcoat. He took his hat and stick and picked up the letter from the hall table.

"Anything else to mail?"

"No," Kay said, as she opened the door for him. Then abruptly she reached for the envelope in his hand. "And supposing we don't mail this," she said, tucking herself into the crook of his arm for just a minute. "Instead of going around by the mail box, darling, could you bring me back a spool of Kelly-green thread?"



They turned the spare room upside down in a thorough search, but there was no sign of the box.



1



2

GIRLS IN THE NEWS

1—All her eggs in one basket! And that basket is marked United States Army. Serving long hours on the egg production front, Dorothy Shenot, 14-year-old Wexford, Pa., girl, feeds the chickens that lay the eggs that are served to our soldiers everywhere.

2—Keep the home fires from burning. Actress Helen Hayes, acting as fire chief, and her crew—pigtail daughter Mary MacArthur, 12, niece Jane Bishop, son Jamie MacArthur, and English refugee Charles McNaughton—take part in a home defense demonstration at Nyack, N. Y. *Wide World Photo*

3—Champagne bath. Rosamund Farrell, 11, of South Norwalk, Conn., takes her splashing cheerfully as she christens the Federal

Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Company's new war cargo vessel 'African Star,' built to carry materials to our fighting men.

4—Youth and age sew victory. Seventy years divide Jean Sessum, 10, and Mrs. Lena Meyers, 80, but they are united in their desire to help. At the American Woman's Voluntary Services in New Orleans, La., they make garments which will go to needy families of men in the service. *Wide World Photo*

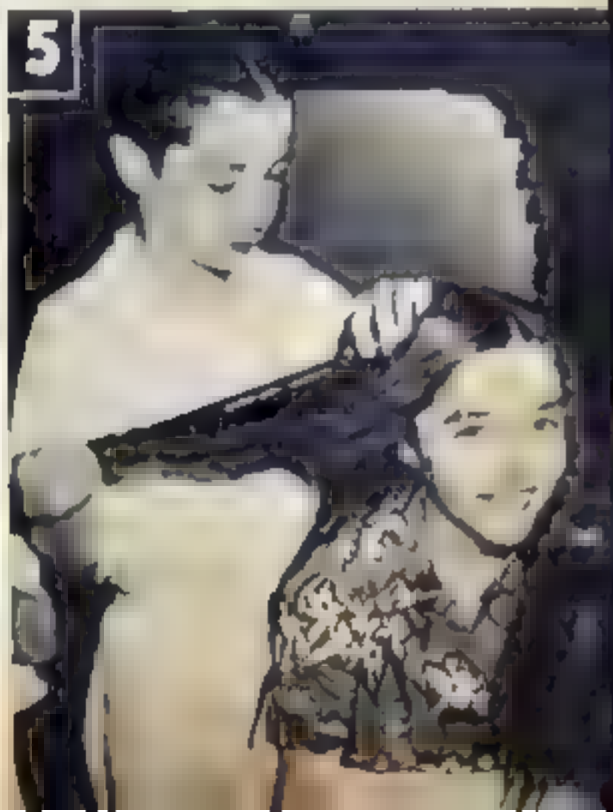
5—Jeannie with the light brown hair. Because 10-year-old Jean Carolyn High's silky brown tresses have never been touched by curling irons or rinsing chemicals, the War Department will use them for making aircraft instruments. Brother Ferdinand proudly measures off 14 inches of hair. *Wide World Photo*



3



4



5

VOLUMES OF *Pleasure*

Everything you've dreamed of doing, seeing, being; everyone you've longed to know—they all wait for you bound up in books

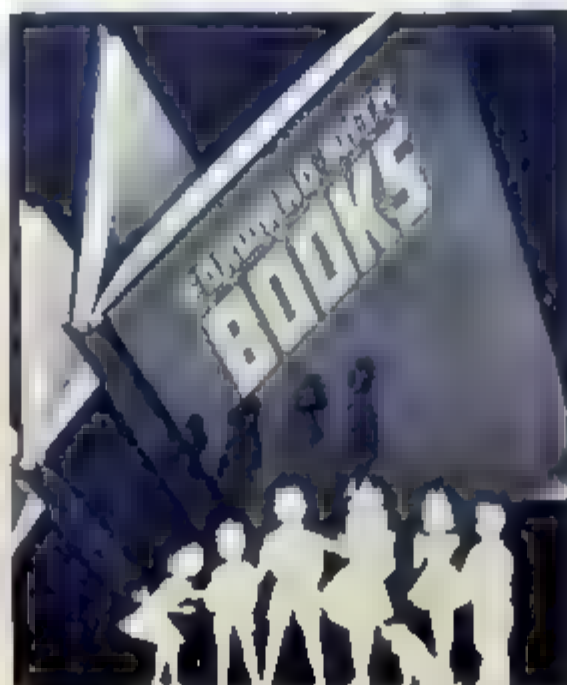
By LOUISE SEAMAN BECHTEL
Authority on Books for Girls and Boys

READING for fun is very important! When one reads just for fun, a fascinating kind of "growing" begins. The more fun or excitement or emotion you get out of a book, the more important it is to you. Because what stirs you most deeply, to laughter or tears, is what you really remember; it becomes a part of you.

Only the greatest writers really have this power to move you. But there are many writers, not so very "great," who can portray genuine emotion, and open gates of friendship with people you might never know in real life. Some are famous, some are girls more or less like yourselves. In movies, on the radio, in magazines, you meet them only briefly. In books, you live with them for a long spell. You can re-read books, and think over the parts you like best and turn back to see why. Because there are perhaps few pictures, you can use your own imagination more.

All this sounds solemn, and all I mean to say is that you need no excuse for reading for fun. The books I am to tell you about are not at all serious. They offer reading for pleasure—the pleasure that comes from stimulating genuine emotions, the pleasure of sharing humor, excitement, sorrow, joy.

Now for the gay pile of books of 1942, all in fine clear type, with sturdy, handsome bind-



THE LITTLE PEOPLE IN THIS POSTER—YOU'VE SEEN IT IN SCHOOL OR LIBRARY—ARE STARTING ON READING ADVENTURES YOU KNOW AND LOVE.

The little people in this poster—you've seen it in school or library—are starting on reading adventures you know and love.

ings, clever jackets, and work by famous artists on many pages. Some you can gallop through easily in one winter evening by the fire. Some will take you longer. Some you will put on your Christmas lists at once, for yourself or to give to your best friends. There's a book here for every sort of girl. And at the end, some hints for all the family.

Don't miss *Heroines of the Sky*, by Jean Adams and Margaret Kimball (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). It is a remarkable collection of lives of women important in aviation. It is unusually thrilling and holds many surprises for those who know women's achievements in this field only from current news-



Ballerina Anna Pavlova's swan dance from the pages of "Dancing Star."

papers. Written vividly, using many of the heroines' own words, it is more exciting than you can imagine. It will be an inspiration to all the girls of today. A "must" book for 12 and over. Give it to your mothers and aunts and cousins, too.

Every girl over 12 will be absorbed by *Dancing Star: The Story of Anna Pavlova*, by Gladys Malvern (Julian Messner, \$2.50). To my generation, Pavlova is still the one dancer. Here is her exciting story, her childhood, her hard work, her triumphs, her far journeys, all the famous people she knew. It is all amazing. Very well done.

From the first page of *A Star for Ginny*, by Phyllis Whitney (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), you are interested in Ginny Somerset and her beau, Larry. She longs to be an illustrator, but she gets a job in a big Chicago department store, in the book department. Her ups and downs with her fellow workers and the difficult department head, her steady efforts toward her real goal, are very true to life, and will tell you a lot of true facts about this world of selling books. There is a slight mystery, Ginny's trouble with her beau is happily solved, but your chief interest will be in her character, and how it is changed by her work. Quite the best of the new job stories.

Sharon Hawes, college sophomore, heroine of *Sharon's Career*, by Esther G. Hall (Random House, \$2.00), is very



"All-American" is about Ronny, a high school boy, and football. But even though you may not like reading about boys and are completely uninterested in football, here's a book you'll read twice.

bitter about her parents' divorce. At her grandmother's, in Connecticut, she opens an antique shop in the barn. Her troubles with dealers, finances, the hurricane, her parents, all are amusingly told. You will like it, especially if you are interested in American antiques.

Bread and Butter, by Margery Hall (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00), is another good job story, about one Laura Lou and her bakeshop. The job part is good, but you will like better Laura Lou's "crowd," and their boy friends, and her great change from dumpy fat to thin and chic, and the accompanying change in her spirits. Being very aged myself, I feel that she was awfully mean to her mother, but maybe I am wrong. The author runs the Sub-Deb Clubs for the *Ladies' Home Journal*. She

ought to know girls and does—clothes, hair-dos, sundaes, and all.

May Justus built on memories of her own schooldays, just as true today, in writing *Dixie Decides* (Random House, \$2.00), a lovely, moving tale of Dixie O'Dell, a Southern mountaineer girl. Dixie's best friend is the schoolteacher, Si, son of her father's worst enemy. But he leads to the fulfilling of her dreams to see the world beyond her mountains. The story stays there among the log cabins, and in the school with no glass in its windows. Dixie works very hard, at home and in the fields. But you are in the beauty of the Great Smokies, and you hear the speech and songs of these most interesting mountain people.

The childish title and the

heroine's rather odd name, Clemency, somewhat mar the excellent boarding-school story told in *Winter's Mischief*, by Marjorie H. Allee (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00). But once into the story, I know you'll like it. Plainfield is co-educational, and a most interesting sort of school. This is a character story, with the heroine slowly finding herself in a world where at first she was a misfit, or thought she was. Plenty of humor, and the mystery of the "ghost" very cleverly used. A fine "bad" character is the horrid, clever roommate.

Everyone who knows *The Swallows and Amazons* simply needs to hear that there is another story about them. This time, in *Miss Lee*, by Arthur Ransome (Macmillan, \$2.50), they are captured by a Chinese



Of the days when "clippers" were sailing ships is "The Wreck of the Wild Wave."

lady pirate named Misse Lee. Sounds fantastic, but is no more so than many true war stories. Written in a style that far surpasses that of any other fiction here listed. You will never forget the pirate lady who forces her captives to study Latin, and longs to go back to college in England. Especially good for 10-to-12-year-olds.

The Wreck of the Wild Wave, by Edith T. Hurd (Oxford University Press, \$2.50), is "the true account of the wreck of the clipper ship *Wild Wave*, of Boston," taken directly from the log of Captain Knowles of Brewster, on Cape Cod, 1858, including the story of her wreck upon Oeno, her voyage to Pitcairn, etc. Many older girls as well as boys will enjoy this true thriller, a later Robinson Crusoe. Much of it is in the brave young captain's own words.

The appealing story of the six Shadrow children, in pioneer days in Kentucky, is the subject of *Journey Cake*, by Isabel McMeekin (Julian Messner, \$2.00). The heroine might be Dulcie, but really is Juba, the freed colored woman who so bravely leads the children out of the Wilderness Trail to find their father. It is lively, touching, real, exciting, and very well written. It won the 1942 Julia Ellsworth Ford award. For girls of 11 up. My favorite chapter is

the one about Johnny Appleseed

Older girls know that Erick Berry can make many periods of history live through the lives of her courageous heroines. Also, she illustrates her own books wonderfully well. In *Hudson Frontier* (Oxford University Press, \$2.50), she tells a story of the Young Company, boys and girls of Albany in 1664. It gives us a new picture of social life of that time, besides being a good mystery and adventure story.

Another good tale out of American history has the charming title *Traveler's Candle*, by Florence M. Updegraff (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00). It is a family story of the Providence Plantation in 1680, with Indians, a mystery, a lad escaped from kidnapers, and a lot about candle-making. We are talking a lot today about religious freedom; here you can see what our ancestors thought about it, and did to win it. These characters are real and fine, and the story a very good one.

Shadow Over Wide Ruin (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.00). What a gloomy title for the story of Hepzibah Emmeline Plumb, one of the most delightful heroines of the year. Hepzy was so small at sixteen that she "shucked around in her name." She left Denver in 1886, to live at her uncle's trading post in New Mexico, in the Navajo country. The story, by Florence C. Means, has everything—Indians, mystery, horses, romance. It has a fine point of view about Indians. You'll love Aunt Puss, and you'll never forget Hepzy. A worthwhile book for girls from 12 to 15 and fun.

Susan Hill, about 10, moves to a poor Italian neighborhood, leaves private school for public school, finds life near Fisherman's Wharf very exciting, and through her new friendships helps her father get work. A story of two kinds of home life, hers in a studio with jolly American par-

ents and that of the Pezollas in their crowded flat, that is *Susan's Safe Harbor*, by Katherine W. Eyre (Oxford University Press, \$1.75). Lots of humor, very real, easy to read. For girls from 10 to 12.

Do girls like football stories? Perhaps not, but they do like the writing of John R. Tunis. His new book, *All-American*, is far above the average football story (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.00). I do not like football, but I had to read right through, for Ronald Perry gave me new insight into the feelings of a high school boy, and all the doings at the big public school were most interesting, true to our times, and well worth thinking about, particularly now.

There are many books that are not limited to any age group because they give enjoyment to readers of all ages. Here are a few of these special books that make nice gifts for you and all the family:

Pictures to Grow Up With, by Katharine Gibson (Studio Publications, \$3.00).

Bells and Grass, poems by Walter de la Mare (Viking Press, \$2.50).

The Out of Doors Series, by C. J. Hylander. A new series of nature handbooks for spring, summer, fall, winter (Macmillan, each \$1.50).

Bag of Smoke: the Story of the Montgolfiers, by Lonzo Anderson (Viking Press, \$2.00).

Against All Odds: Lives of South American Heroes, by Marion Lansing (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.00).

Thoroughbreds: A Picture Book of Great Horses, by C. W. Anderson (Macmillan, \$2.00).



Everyone will enjoy "Sharon's Career" in Connecticut, but antique lovers will be especially interested.

Let's Talk Things Over

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON



My grandmother lives with us. She is awfully curious. Every time I have company she asks them all about themselves. That embarrasses me very much. What can I do about this?—Betty E., aged 11, Tennessee.

WE CAN well understand that Betty sometimes finds it hard to endure the difficulty she describes. She probably realizes that in many, many homes all sorts of changes in living-together arrangements have become necessary. And, even in peacetime, there were always families where more than two generations had to learn to live together as happily as possible under the same roof. The trick seems to be for everyone to want to enjoy everyone else and to help make the home a happy place for all, old and young, in spite and even because of their many differences.

Grandmothers can be fun and a great comfort sometimes, as Betty would surely admit. Well then, what to do about the other times? It is not always just "curiosity," when older people ask questions. They are interested in young people's new ways and thoughts, and they have their own memories of their own youth, too. Betty might talk to her grandmother sometime about her childhood

HERE'S your opportunity to get things off your chest! Airing problems and exchanging experiences and ideas usually bring comfort and practical suggestions.

Won't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson what's on your mind? There just isn't space enough to answer every letter here, but if you sign your complete name and address (and they won't be printed), a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, a problem just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Grayson, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

memories. It always helps to be kind, cooperative, and considerate while at the same time also managing to live one's own life.

After all, young people go to school, they have their play, their friends, their different hours, and they usually spend much of their time in other parts of the house, and they are outdoors and away from home much of the time. They need not actually be with grandmothers or parents all the time; nor should they want to be.

All this helps them to keep a sense of balance—and a sense of humor, when they are with grandmas! Betty may also find that her friends can understand and be quite sympathetic with her grandmother, and that, instead of being embarrassed, she and her friends can learn to enjoy grandma's company. Betty's parents may help her

to understand the point of view of this older generation, too—and with understanding comes patience and a much better sense of proportion. They may even agree to talk the matter over with Betty's grandmother and try to help her to understand that young people as well as grownups like a little privacy and that what is merely interest may sometimes seem to be prying.

When it comes to helping my mother and my brother is to help, too, do you think it's fair if I have chosen dry mopping and my brother wanted that too, that he should refuse to dust and just sit reading while I dust mop? And then mother should say that I should dust 'cause I know how to dust and he doesn't know how as well as I do, when I had had first choice on dry mopping? Do you think it is fair?—Jean B., aged 12, Wisconsin.

JEAN shows the proper spirit. It is a fine thing for her and her brother to share in the work they can do to be helpful
(Continued on page 33)

Grandmother's not just curious; she's interested.





Speeding Victory

Youth shows its spirit by volunteering enthusiastically for service at home

By TOM STEWART

Assistant to the National Director
American Junior Red Cross

THERE'S an army of 14,000,000 young Americans on the march! They haven't any uniforms, we don't hear much about them; but they are answering the question, "What can young people do in wartime?" by deeds that ring around the world. They're at work everywhere—in huge modern schools of big cities and out in the little one-room schoolhouses deep in the hills,

in their homes and in offices. And who are they? They're the American Junior Red Cross—girls and boys of the schools of the United States, ranging all the way from kindergarten through high school.

It all started twenty-five years ago when President Wilson issued a proclamation in 1917 founding the organization so that young people could do their part in World War I.

They did a big job then, kept it up during peacetime, and are doing a tremendous job now!

Before Pearl Harbor, the Junior Red Cross began to send help to the refugee children of other nations. Clothing and bedding went to Poland; powdered milk and medicines to Spain and Unoccupied France; quinine tablets were sent to China; toys and gardening tools went to Iceland; nurseries for the very young were set up in England. In England, too, convalescent homes were set up for children under five who had been discharged from hospitals. Ten thousand dollars worth of shoes were sent to Russian children whose fathers had died in defense of their country.

The money for this help came from the National Children's Fund, which was made up by contributions from the junior workers who raised the necessary funds through the presentation of plays, pageants, back yard fairs, dances, circuses, from the sale of salvage materials, and from many other means. Their contributions to the National Children's Fund were sent by their local Red Cross chapters to American Red Cross National Headquarters in Washington. There the officials of the Junior Red Cross



War claims doctors and nurses for its own uses and adds to the burdens of mothers, so Red Cross Juniors learn home nursing. Two Atlanta, Ga., high school girls demonstrate their skill and bedside manner.

Atlanta Journal Photo



Girls in Washington, D.C., members of the American Junior Red Cross who volunteered their services to schools, help Mrs. Leon Henderson, wife of the Price Administrator, get her sugar ration card.

American Red Cross Photo



Girls of Northrup Collegiate School, Minneapolis, Minn., active in the Junior Red Cross, sort garments they have made to send for the relief of children in war-stricken countries abroad.

Minneapolis Times Photo

decided how it was to be spent in fulfilling the needs of children in this country and abroad. No money from the National Children's Fund was ever used for administrative purposes.

After December 7th, the members of the Junior Red Cross launched on a campaign to produce articles of comfort and recreation for our own armed forces. Now, they have turned out over 3,000,000 articles for use in camps, canteens, and base hospitals all over the world. The articles range all the way from menu covers and holiday decorations to afghans, games, and furniture for recreation rooms. Last Christmas, the Junior Red Cross sent a bit of Christmas to our soldiers in Iceland. They sent so much, the soldiers worked until three in the morning decorating their mess halls with the traditional baubles. And the girls and boys had even remembered to send Christmas trees, for no trees grow in Iceland.

The Junior Red Cross made sure that Father Christmas came to the English bomb shelters and nurseries, too. Gift boxes also went to Alaska, Canada, and South American countries. The letters of thanks were more than enough reward.

But the activities of the

Junior Red Cross aren't all giving. There's a lot of doing, right here on the home front. Last year nearly 45,000 girls and boys earned certificates in Red Cross Home Nursing. This means they had learned how to care for the sick at home and how to be good nursemaids to small children. Thousands of them are taking courses at school on nutrition so they are right up to date on their vitamins and proper feeding. When Mother goes off to work on war jobs these days her school-age daughters—and sons—can take over at home. In home economics they are learning to sew—and sending clothing to refugee children everywhere.

The Junior Red Cross members have also invaded the office. Certain qualified girls have become members of Red Cross staff assistance and can-

teen corps. When they finish special training, some of these girls will do office work in local Red Cross chapters and others will work in the regular canteens. When sugar ration books were issued, Junior Red Cross members acted as guides and clerical helpers, and in some places acted as interpreters.

The American Junior Red Cross members are not alone in their efforts. There are similar organizations all over the world working hand in hand. When Polish refugees began swarming into neighboring countries, the Red Cross societies in those countries went to work on a large scale.

In war, as in peace, the members of the Junior Red Cross are carrying on, and this year, the Silver Anniversary year of the organization, they plan even bigger jobs than before.

YOU CAN HELP WIN THE WAR!

Read "How Boys and Girls Can Help Win the War," the new one-shot comic magazine that tells you how! 20 wonderful, inspiring features in full color. Now on sale at newsstands, 10c a copy, or direct from the publishers by mail. Send 10c in stamps or coin to The Parents' Institute, Inc., 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

ASK FOR

"HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN HELP WIN THE WAR."

MYSTERY at the LOOKOUT

Millie Lear's role in the strange goings-on around Craig City proves more and more baffling to Sally Seymour and her friends

By CAROLYN KEENE

Author of "Nancy Drew Mystery Stories"
and "Dana Girls Mystery Stories"



THE STORY UP TO NOW

Sally Seymour, Sandra Blake, and Barbara Moore found a code message at the Lookout and gave it to Trooper Hartwell, who was pursuing Peter Hallen, an escaped robber. The girls returned with Jimmy Branford to the Lookout to seek clues. Jimmy caught a suspicious character but was tricked into freeing him. The man dropped a notebook which gave the key to the code. Sally saw a plane which seemed to be receiving signals from the ground, and reported it to the police. While there, news came that a freighter carrying cargo for a firm listed in the book was afire. That night Sally received a mysterious phone message to return the notebook to the Lookout. Substituting a fake notebook, Sally and Hartwell hid till an old woman resembling Millie Lear, who lived in a cabin in the woods and owned a valuable pearl, came for it. But she escaped them in a storm that came up. In her hastily abandoned cabin, Sally found the pearl in a china elephant. Due to the late hour, the pearl had to be kept in the Seymour cottage overnight. Stepping into the living room to lock up the pearl, Sally froze: a figure huddled behind the window draperies! Now go on with Chapter Five.

SALLY SEYMOUR'S startled gaze roved from the swaying window draperies to the library table. To her relief she saw that the handkerchief with the pearl

tied in one corner had not been taken by the invisible intruder.

With one bound the girl crossed the room and seized the precious gem. Before she could cry out, or try to capture the thief who had so daringly entered the Seymour cottage, a man slid from behind the curtain, and out through the open window, and virtually disappeared into space.

"Help! Help!" Sally used all her lung power. "Stop, thief!" she shouted, racing toward the door.

The ear-splitting cry brought her chums, Barbara Moore and Sandra Blake, running from the kitchen. The three girls could hear the sounds of a scuffle beneath the window. They ran outside, where they were further amazed to see the intruder and their friend Jimmy Branford rolling over and over in one of Grandfather Seymour's flower beds.

"Quick, Sandra!" Sally urged, giving her pal a little push. "Call the police before that big brute kills Jimmy!"

Sandra hurried indoors to the telephone, while Barbara ran

Another minute, and the culprit was pinned neatly to the ground, the breath knocked from him.

down the street to see if she could find an officer. Sally tried to help Jimmy by seizing the struggling man's arms. Knocked off balance, she too went down.

Both she and the boy were about to lose their captive, when Sally's grandfather arrived. Springing from his car, he plunged into the fray. Another minute, and the culprit was pinned neatly to the ground, the breath knocked from him.

"Mr. Seymour, you certainly pack a mean wallop!" Jimmy laughed.

"It always makes me see red to have anyone smash my flowers," Grandfather Seymour replied, turning over his victim the better to see his face. "My best plants wrecked!"

Sally bent down to look at the captive. "Grandfather! This man is Peter Hallen, the thief the police have been looking for!"

"Leaping lizards!" Jimmy exclaimed, thoroughly impressed. "I was coming up the street when I saw this fellow backing out the window, so I nailed

him! Didn't know he was such a prize!"

"You were superb," Sally praised the boy. "I got to the living room in time to save the pearl, but maybe Hallen took some other things."

To make certain, Grandfather Seymour searched the man's pockets. Before he could finish, a police car stopped at the house.

"This is Pete Hallen, all right," the officer announced. "Nice going!"

As he slipped handcuffs on the fellow's wrists, the prisoner opened his eyes and began to struggle. Sally had noticed that beneath his coat Hallen carried a case containing field glasses. She recognized them as the pair she had found the day of the picnic and lost again near the Lookout.

"Maybe these belong to him, but I doubt it," she declared.

"They were left for me at a certain place by a friend," the prisoner said sullenly.

"You mean Sam Slade, don't you?" asked Sally quickly. "When you found the case at the Lookout, you thought he had put it there for you. Then

you left a code message for him."

"What if I did? You can't slap me into the jug for that."

"Furthermore, you broke into our house hoping to steal a valuable pearl!"

"Bunk," growled the man. "I was just walking along here tending to my own business when this hoodlum," he indicated Jimmy, "leaped on my back. If the kid wants to be a football hero, he ought to do his practicing at school!"

"I caught you backing out of the window," Jimmy denied the statement angrily. "Look at the screen! Cut from its frame!"

The policeman showed no inclination to doubt the young people. "There's plenty of evidence against you," he assured the man he was holding.

"A little red leather booklet, for instance," added Sally.

Hallen could not be pressed into saying more. Sullenly he refused to give the policeman any information about either the code message or the present whereabouts of Sam Slade. As the prisoner was led to the

police car, Jimmy observed that he limped slightly.

"Guess I tackled that fellow harder than I thought," he said rather proudly to Sally. "He can hardly use his left leg. Boy, I didn't know I could pack such a wallop!"

Hallen, who overheard the remark, stopped short, glaring at Jimmy. "Why, you couldn't hurt a fly!" he jeered. "I twisted my leg when I fell off a horse a few days ago."

"In the mountains?" asked Sally alertly.

"Yeah, in the mountains. An old woman took me in and bandaged me up. Anything else you want to know about my private life?"

"Never mind, we can guess the rest," grinned Sally. "It must have been Millie Lear who took care of you. Very kind of her."

"Kind! She kicked me out

Clouds of black smoke billowed into the sky as the girls gave chase to the woman in the black gown and sunbonnet.



after someone told her a lot of lies about me! The old dame wouldn't give me any food!" he cried spitefully, as the officer led his prisoner away.

Hallen's admission cleared up a matter which long had troubled Sally. She now understood that the man had been responsible for the strange groans the girls had heard issuing from the cabin in the woods. Obviously, the old lady had nursed him. Then, upon learning from Sally that he was wanted by the police, she had compelled him to leave the shack.

"This throws a different light on your suspicion that Millie Lear is mixed up with the thieves," said Jimmy.

"I wouldn't believe a thing that horrible Peter Hallen says," declared Barbara.

"If the woman is innocent, why did she run away from the police?" asked Sandra.

"And the matter of an old lady coming for the notebook at the tree hasn't been explained," said Sally.

"We can't settle the question now," added Grandfather Seymour. "I believe we'd better do the rest of our speculating while we eat or the ice cream I just bought will be vanilla soup."

The mention of food reminded the young people how hungry they really were, so they welcomed the suggestion. Dinner at the Seymour home, with Barbara, Sandra, and Jimmy as guests, was a hilarious affair, but the conversation kept returning to the mystery. All agreed that Peter Hallen had seen Sally in the mountains with the pearl she had found, and probably had followed her and the others to her home.

The girl held up the gem to the bright light. "Oh, Grandfather, surely anything so lovely must be genuine. It just couldn't be paste."

"We'll know tomorrow," he replied. "I'll ask Mr. Hawley, the jeweler."

"Until then I'll guard our little treasure with my life!" laughed Sally.

Before dinner was over, a



"Oh!" Sally gasped, catching a glimpse of the passenger they were pursuing.

telephone call came from police headquarters. Sally was told that through the notebook she had found and turned in, much evidence had been obtained against Peter Hallen. The man had admitted being a friend of Sam Slade's, and had not denied leaving the code message at the Lookout. He steadily refused to give any information regarding Slade's hideout, or to explain the meaning of the message, "Wait for airplane signal."

"Know what I think?" Jimmy said when the conversation was repeated at the dinner table. "Slade and Hallen must have an accomplice who is a pilot. I wish we could nail the fellow."

"Better leave him to the authorities, and concentrate on Millie Lear," advised Grandfather Seymour wisely.

"Grandfather's right," Sally declared. "I'm sure that woman is the key to the whole mystery."

It was late when Sandra,

Barbara, and Jimmy finally went to their homes. For safe-keeping, Sally asked her grandfather if she might lock the pearl in a desk drawer in her room. The desk was close to her bed, so she felt that the slightest touch against it would awaken her at once.

"How about a three-alarm warning system?" the old gentleman teased. "And a string of wires crisscrossing the place?"

"Not a bad idea at that," Sally chuckled. "Even if Peter Hallen is in jail, his pal Slade is still at large. I believe in being careful!"

In the morning Sally awoke late. To her chagrin she found a large sign pinned to the front of the desk. It was written in Grandfather Seymour's cramped style.

"A bold, bad thief has stolen the Lear pearl and taken it to the jewelry store!"

"How did Grandfather slip in here without me hearing him?" Sally muttered, as she jumped out of bed in a hurry. Of course,

he did it just to tease me!"

She threw on her clothes, ran downstairs, and began to squeeze orange juice. She had everything ready for breakfast by the time her grandfather's step sounded on the porch.

"What did you find out?" she cried, swinging open the door and eagerly greeting the elderly gentleman. "Is the pearl real?"

"Very real indeed," he answered, smiling broadly. "It's a work of which any oyster could well be proud!"

"What did the jeweler say?"

"He declined to put an absolute price on it, but said it should bring a good deal of money in an active market. Oh, yes, he mentioned that he had appraised a similar pearl for an old lady some time ago."

"Millie Lear?"

"That would be my guess."

"What did you do with the pearl, Grandfather?"

"Bank vault," he replied, his eyes twinkling. "You didn't prove to be a very good guardian last night, so I took matters in my own hands."

"I don't know how you sneaked into my room," Sally responded with a laugh. "You must have chloroformed me to get the pearl!"

During the next two days she and her chums inquired of the police, read newspaper headlines, and took a trip to the Lookout on Whiteface Mountain, but there was no word of either Sam Slade or Millie Lear. On Saturday afternoon the three girls were sitting on the Seymour porch discussing the mystery, when suddenly they were startled by a loud booming sound some distance away. The windows of the cottage rattled, and a vase fell from the living room mantel.

"What was that?" Sandra gasped, jumping up from the porch steps.

"Sounded like a big explosion!" declared Sally. "Do you suppose it could have been at the Branton Novelty Company? That factory isn't far from here."

"Wouldn't the plant be closed? They don't work on

Saturday afternoon," protested Barbara.

"All the same, look at the smoke pouring up from that direction," Sally cried. She started to run, with Sandra and Barbara at her heels. "That place was listed in Sam Slade's book, I'm sure of it!"

Hurrying down the street, the three chums overtook others who also were hastening to the scene of the excitement. Clouds of black smoke billowed into the sky. Soon the girls were close enough to see flames licking through the lower windows of the novelty firm's shipping room.

"Do you really think Sam Slade had something to do with this fire?" asked Barbara.

GHOSTS AND THRILLS!

Starting in the next issue of
CALLING ALL GIRLS
out about December 1st

THE HAUNTED APARTMENT

A new mystery serial
written especially for the
readers of this magazine

By **MARGARET SUTTON**

author of the popular
Judy Bolton Mystery Stories

Sally did not reply. She had halted abruptly, her eyes fastened upon someone who was hurrying away from the factory grounds, head bent low. The person was a woman, garbed in a long, black gown and a sun bonnet.

"Millie Lear!" gasped Sandra and Barbara together.

"She's running away from the fire!" Sally added. "Let's see where she goes!"

The girls barely had time to hide themselves behind a hedge before the old woman scurried past. Having no intention of allowing her to get away, they quickly followed, but kept far enough behind her so she would

not suspect she was followed.

"Millie Lear certainly is in a hurry!" Sandra puffed as they found themselves falling far behind her in the crowd. "She's pretty spry for her age!"

"We'll lose her, if we don't step on it!" said Sally.

At the next corner the girls came face to face with Trooper Hartwell. Excitedly Sally pointed ahead toward the figure in the old-fashioned clothes.

"We're trailing Millie Lear," she told the man breathlessly. "Come along!"

"Let's go!" cried the officer.

The strange woman was now far up the street, and likely to be out of sight at any moment. No longer trying to keep out of sight, the girls and their trooper friend began to run. It was well that they did, for by the time they reached the next intersection they saw the old woman step into a taxi.

"Oh, she's going to get away!" Sally exclaimed in dismay.

"Taxi!" shouted Hartwell, signaling another cab, which was cruising by.

The car stopped, backed a few feet, and picked up the party.

"Turn around and follow that cab!" the trooper ordered. "Don't let it get out of sight!"

Sally fully expected that they would quickly overtake Millie Lear, but the first taxi stayed far ahead and the old lady could be seen urging her driver to drive faster.

"She knows we're after her, or she wouldn't try to escape!" Barbara declared, gripping the seat as the cab swayed around a corner. "Why do you suppose she was running away?"

"Maybe she started the fire," volunteered the trooper.

"We saw her at the river dock on the day The Palisade was damaged," Sally said thoughtfully. "By the way, was that fire ever explained?"

"Never," Hartwell answered. "The ship was so gutted by flames, that it was impossible to tell how the blaze began. Firemen were sure it had been set, though."

(Continued on page 38)



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HEROES

on and off the Screen

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

MANY prominent motion picture actors are going into the services to find their own selves as exciting as the ones they've portrayed on the screen. This doesn't necessarily mean that we'll see them only in newswreels from now on. Occasionally Uncle Sam gives actors and other artists leave to make a picture or be in a show. But it isn't really leave for they continue to draw out their service pay and, in the case of the boys appearing in the smash Army show, this is the Army; they live under service regulations as far as possible, if they are granted time off to make a picture, the company which produces it may pay their usual fee to one of the various service relief funds. But most of the stars grow to like being soldiers, aviators, sailors, or marines so much that it's hard to get them before the camera again. A few of the pictures on this page show favorite stars in their final roles for the duration.

1 William Holden, second from right, has been in the Army for several months but finished Young and Wiling before joining up. The trunk & suitcase are Barbara Britton, Marjorie O'Donoghue, Florence MacNichol, and Sam Howard. (RKO)

2 Putting on the fetching breeches is Hugh Williams, now serving in Britain's armed forces. (One as Qui Alciati). Missing: he and members of the crew are out of a wrecked bomber and all are helped by ideal Dutch to get back to England (RKO)

3 Joan Rogers, Joan Rogers most of a lifetime and still distractingly in love, to her mother's firm disapproval in 'The War Against Mr. Hadley' (MGM)

4 Here's George E. Stone in a scene from his last for his duration, 'Tells of Conscience' and (right) in his Army Air Force uniform at a C-47 ground crew. Stone's Air Force uniform is a grand one! (RKO)

5 Richard Widmark, a British aviator early in the war, was given leave for 'Flying Fortresses' (Warner)

6 George E. Stone joined the U. S. Marine Corps but will finish one more film first. 'The Black Swan' in which he is a pilot and captain. Marjorie O'Donoghue has working on 'Crash Dive' (RKO)

7 Sherlock Holmes (Neil Patrick Harris) returns to contribute his skill in solving spy mysteries. Dr. Watson helps him find a secret weapon. (RKO)



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JUNIOR HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT



There is no better season and Thanksgiving supplies a reason—so why not fall for gobbler's fun?

By JANE RICHARDS, Food Editor

OF COURSE there will be a wonderful Thanksgiving at your house—a strictly American feast with the traditional mouth-watering turkey, ruby-red cranberry sauce, rich and spicy pumpkin pies. But perhaps there is a private Thanksgiving you would like to celebrate? Maybe this would be an appropriate occasion to say thank-you to some of the gang at whose homes you've had good times. If this is the case and your family is party-minded you'll like our suggestions. For these games and refreshments really "talk turkey" and your friends will think them so much fun and so delicious they'll gobble them up!

You may want to set the scene of your shindig after a school football game. If so spend a little effort on the invitations. Cut them out of dark brown wrapping paper in the shape of a football. Lace them, to resemble a real football, by sewing lengthwise X's with bright wool on each. School or club colors are good choices for this. Write the invitations beside the lacing. Ask each friend to come to a Thanksgiving Supper and give the time and the place. Make envelopes to match out of the wrapping paper, using scissors, paste, and in-

anticipation before the party ever begins.

We've planned our menu for six. If you want to ask more friends, and don't feel quite sure of your arithmetic, get an older member of the family to help you extend the recipes.

There's a game we've named Patriotic Auction that's loads of fun to play. Have as many small prizes as there are guests. A lapel turkey made of pipe cleaners and wool, jewelry of pumpkin seeds, a box of jelly beans in appropriate colors, a turkey-shaped cookie cutter—these are ideas for favors with a Thanksgiving touch; you'll think of others. Appoint one person auctioneer and spread out the favors before him. The auctioneer describes each favor in glowing terms, and asks what stunt he will be offered for it. The buyers then barter for the favor they want most, offering something they can do—sing a popular wartime song, describe or make up a patriotic game everyone can play, perform some part of Army or Navy drill, recite some verses, specify various uniforms, identify airplanes by drawing or in writing. Anything goes so long as it has a patriotic touch. The person who's ready with a stunt first gets the chance to buy the favor. This usually turns out to

be lots of fun with some good laughs thrown in.

be lots of fun with some good laughs thrown in.

If the party goes dull at any moment liven it up with this Turkey Blow. Give each person a feather and then divide the party into two teams. The trick is to see which team can blow their feathers across the room the fastest, without letting them touch the floor. Of course everyone will bump into everyone else and there'll be much merriment and beginning over if the feathers get grounded. After everyone has used all the lung power necessary, serve these good things to eat. They are not only yummy but streamlined so that it's easy to have them ready.

THANKSGIVING SUPPER

Indian Chowder Crispy Crackers
Egg Salad Rolls with Cranberry Turkeys
on Shredded Greens
Gingerbread
Hot Honey Cocoa with Marshmallows

INDIAN CHOWDER

1 can condensed tomato soup
1 cup cream-style canned corn
1½ cups milk
Chopped parsley (if handy)

Blend the tomato soup, corn, and milk and heat slowly, stirring occasionally. Chop parsley very fine and sprinkle on each bowl. Serves 4 to 6.

EGG SALAD ROLLS

6 eggs
¾ cup chopped celery
¼ tsp. salt
Dash of pepper
6 tbsp. salad dressing
8 finger rolls
Butter

Cover eggs with cold water and bring to a boil over medium heat. Let stand over very low heat for 20 minutes. Run cold water over the eggs as soon as they are done—this makes it easy to peel them. Slice eggs

and cut slices in small squares; add washed, chopped celery, salt, pepper, and salad dressing. Slit each finger roll along its center length, butter, and heat in oven if desired. Fill cavities with egg salad.

Chill a can of cranberry sauce in the refrigerator and open it according to directions on can so that it comes out whole. Slice and cut gobblers out of each sliced cranberry round with a turkey-shaped cookie cutter. Place on a nest of shredded greens, and serve with Egg Salad Rolls.

Use a prepared gingerbread mix to make the dessert. All you have to do is follow the simple directions on the box, adding water, and you'll have delicious, generous portions for 6. Easy to make, easy to eat!

HOT HONEY COCOA WITH MARSHMALLOWS

6 tbsps. cocoa
6 tbsps. honey
1/2 tsp. salt
1 1/2 cups water
4 cups milk (2 cups evaporated milk and 2 cups water)
6 marshmallows

Combine cocoa, honey, salt and water. Place over low heat stirring and blending continuously until mixture is smooth. As soon as it begins to bubble, boil it for 2 minutes over low heat, stirring all the time. (Watch the second hand of your kitchen clock to count the 2 minutes.) Add milk gradually and stir until cocoa is scalding hot but not boiling. Just before serving, whip with a rotary beater to make cocoa foamy and prevent skin from forming. Float a marshmallow on each cup. Serves 6.

THE WINNAHS!

Jane Ramsay, Falls Church, Va., won the \$5.00 offered in the September issue of *CALLING ALL GIRLS* for the best "favorite recipe." Winners of \$1.00 each for the 10 most interesting "pet peeves" received by September 5th are: Mary Lou LeBoeuf, Brooklyn, N. Y., Laverna Bradford, Homing, Okla., Virginia Briggs, Chagrin Falls, O., Adela Champney, Woodhaven, L. I., Jane Hart, Cleveland, O., Jane Little, Washington, D. C., Regine Murphy, Chicago, Ill., Janis Patton, Birmingham, Ala., Vilma Storalli, Edmonton, Alta., Anne Ziegler, Greencastle, Pa.

LET'S TALK THINGS OVER

(Continued from page 23)

in their home and that together they have worked out a system for dividing the jobs to be done fairly!

The difficulty seems to be, however, that sometimes Jean's brother discovers he'd rather do something else than the assigned task. That part of the story isn't quite fair, is it? We are quite sure the young man's sense of justice can be appealed to; and also that, if he feels his dusting needs improving, he will be willing to learn.

It is a good thing, of course, to have a sense of humor about these little difficulties, and to accept the spirit even if we cannot always live up to the deeds we are supposed to perform. There are times in the life of every family when we give up things for one another, or "pinch-hit" when jobs to be done happen at inconvenient times, or there is some special reason why we are called upon to be thoughtful of one another. But responsibilities assumed are serious; and it is good to divide the work to be done by members of the family on the basis of age, understanding, strength, ability, and time. We cannot all learn to assume our obligations as quickly or easily, and so we must be patient sometimes and willing to help one another to make progress. We are all happier when we manage—most of the time—to live together in the home in a pleasant, friendly fashion. It really helps make a home.

I get fifty cents a week. I always spend it fast. I've made out a lot of budgets but they never work. Do you have any ideas about how to save money?
—Arlene A., aged 11, Michigan.

SOME people are just naturally better at saving than others, it seems. But it's an art that can be learned, too, even though it does seem to take some folks longer than others to learn.

What helps? For one thing,

a desire like Arlene's to master the trick. Then come the matters of time, practice, and experiences with both success and failure. Girls can also learn by having their allowances gradually increased as they grow older, so they may meet more needs, and by having more opportunities to learn how to spend as well as to save. This means budgeting, planning, weighing, thinking, choosing. Parents may be helpful, both through their own example—for they also must plan the wise use of money, especially these days—and through the advice they stand ready to give when a girl is in doubt. Arlene is wise in being concerned about learning to save. Our government has asked us all to be thrifty and to think ahead to those hoped-for days after we have won the war. We can do nothing better with the money we manage to save than to invest a good part of it in War Savings Stamps and Bonds.

In learning how to save, it is well to begin saving for something not too far off, and then gradually to make the saving-time longer. For instance, a child of six could hardly wait for saving toward her high school education. But a high school girl could well plan to save toward a camp vacation. To spend sensibly is as important as saving; and, in figuring on a budget, each girl will have to be guided by her needs. Girls often need money for carfares, lunches, movies, gifts; and, later on, for clothes, schooling, and other larger items. Sometimes there are opportunities for earning money, and this will mean further modification of budget arrangements. Learning what money can and cannot do is a big part of anybody's education.

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BASTIAN BROS Dept. 3 Rochester, N. Y.



Sybil and Mike

Many a star trembles before the little radio transmitter, but Sybil Trent doesn't suffer from "mike fright"

By JOAN LANE
Feature Writer

AT fifteen, brown-eyed Sybil Trent is a veteran of stage, screen, and radio, and she can't remember a time when she wasn't singing or acting. Sybil was only three and a half when she got her first break singing in a movie short. A few years later she was appearing in musical comedies on Broadway, but for the past seven years Sybil has been strictly "radio."

Sybil is one of the regulars on the Columbia Broadcasting System's children's program, "Let's Pretend." She has played every conceivable role in the show from straight

parts to that of a brat. She has also appeared on "We, the People" and the "American School of the Air." "I like playing all parts," Sybil confessed, laughing. "I have no favorites. I just love to act."

The entertainment business is full of crucial moments. The most embarrassing one for Sybil occurred during one of her broadcasts. It seems that two pages of her script stuck together. Realizing the dialogue was wrong, Sybil did a few mental calculations and ad-libbed all she could remember from the rehearsals until the situation was straightened out. Nobody noticed the changes—and then Sybil discovered she actually had memorized her part without knowing it. Another time, just before she was to go on the air, Sybil got an attack of the hiccoughs, and it wasn't until she stepped up to the microphone that she was able to talk herself out of having them. But whether it's hiccoughs, script trouble, or losing a front tooth as she did for her first movie, Sybil has managed to come through with flying colors.

But in spite of dramatic crises, Sybil says, "My work is a form of play. I'd rather do it than anything." But lots of days during the winter months, you can see Sybil in a gay skating outfit gliding around the Radio City skating rink. Her other favorite sports are roller skating, horseback riding, ping-pong, and two others that she is just learning, tennis and swimming. Before the war, Sybil's hobby was collecting different kinds of perfume, but since Pearl Harbor most of her spending money has gone for war stamps.

Sybil's fan mail takes up a good deal of her time, too. Sybil lives with her family in New York City. Mrs. Trent, a charming, pretty young woman, and Sybil answer all the letters Sybil receives from devoted listeners to "Let's Pretend." Usually Sybil sends an autographed picture along with her answer. She gets a thrill out of reading her fan mail and has all the letters filed in a big black

book. Young boys write Sybil asking for her picture and wanting to know if she will be their girl.

Between one of these fans and Sybil there has grown a real friendship. It started just three years ago when a boy who lives in a small town in Pennsylvania wrote Sybil asking for her picture. Sybil sent the photograph and six months later, while at a rehearsal in a studio, Sybil received a huge package postmarked Pennsylvania. It was a large watercolor painting of Sybil in costume against an imaginary background of a "Let's pretend" fairy tale dramatization—"Snow Drop and the Seven Dwarfs." The Pennsylvania boy has never seen Sybil and drew her picture from the photograph she had sent him. Sybil and her Pennsylvania fan still correspond and on their birthdays call each other on the phone. The boy takes recordings of Sybil's voice on "Let's Pretend" and sends them to her. She is planning to go to that little town in Pennsylvania very soon and see her fan-made friend.

Sybil attends New York's Professional Children's School,

the school for children in radio and on the stage, for young models and musicians, that you read about in last month's **CALLING ALL GIRLS**. During the school months Sybil attends classes from 10 in the morning till 2:15 in the afternoon, studying French, geometry, modern history, and English. Her classes are given four hours of homework to make up for time they have to miss while at work.

Sybil is showered with questions as soon as she is identified as one of radio's children. "How did you happen to become a radio actress?" Sybil will answer that one quickly. "It all started with my sinus trouble." She used to be a singer and sang in Earl Carroll's "Vanities of 1932," appeared in movie shorts and in Billy Rose's "Jumbo." But about 1936, Sybil developed sinus trouble and had to give up singing. "So," says she, "I went in for dramatic work in radio." Sybil feels that it was not until Miss Nila Mack, CBS director of children's programs, became interested in her in 1937 did she begin her radio career in earnest.

Another question that is always asked is, "What do you want to do with all the money

you make?" Sybil has lots of answers for that one. She says she'd like to have all the New York subways scrubbed and sprayed with perfume daily. Also she'd like to buy a dog and a horse, and clothe and feed the poor children in the neighborhood. Too, she plans to take a trip around the world after the war. But right now, of course, she's buying War Stamps.

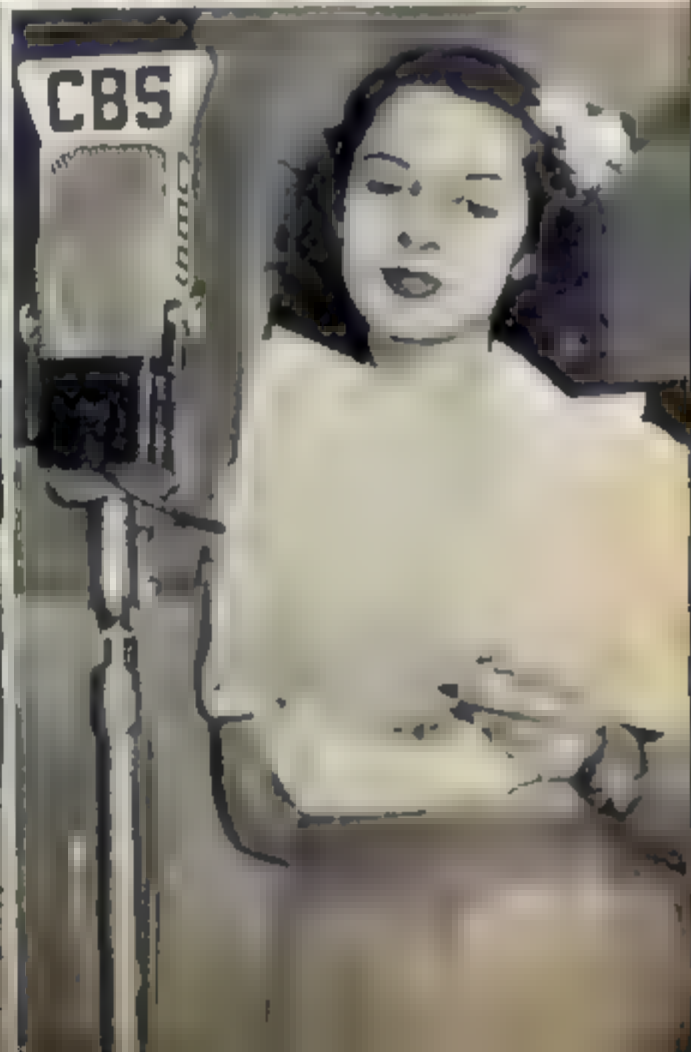
Sybil feels that professional girls and boys have lots of fun and can lead a normal, healthy life besides. Her mother sees to the latter. Mrs. Trent is also so firm and so correct in her criticism that Sybil doesn't become conceited over her publicity.

Sybil is five feet tall, with dark hair and lively brown eyes. Like all girls, Sybil loves clothes. Her favorite type is evening dresses. She dreams of a life where she could wear riding habits all day and evening clothes at night. But at present she goes in for simple sports outfits. Her favorite color is purple, but blue runs a close second.

Sybil's plans for the future are still pretty vague, but she does want to continue her radio work and try to do more motion picture acting.

Ping-pong and roller skating are favorites with Sybil because they're fun and can be fitted into a busy schedule. You can see how she concentrates on her game, and how much she enjoys using the pavements of New York as a skating rink.

Since Pearl Harbor, Sybil has stopped buying different kinds of perfume to add to her collection. Most of her spending money now goes into War Stamps. A corsage of them makes a gay hair ornament as she steps up to the mike to "pretend."



Help Yourself to a Good Time

Parties are for laughter and gaiety, but do you really look forward to them eagerly or do you secretly dread their coming?

By ELEANOR BOYKIN

Author of "This Way, Please: A Book of Manners"



Let your friends know how glad you are to see them.

THERE'S hardly anybody who doesn't like to be invited to a party—it gives you the feeling of being in the swim. But not everybody likes to go to parties. Some aren't sure what to do, and they are terribly afraid of not having a good time.

This Gloomy Gussie attitude helps to make your fears come true. Shake it off! Your everyday good manners will keep you from serious mistakes, and the less you worry about having a good time, the more likely you are to have it.

Prepare for a party this way: Get yourself in a good humor, if you have to read a joke book to do it. See that your smiling

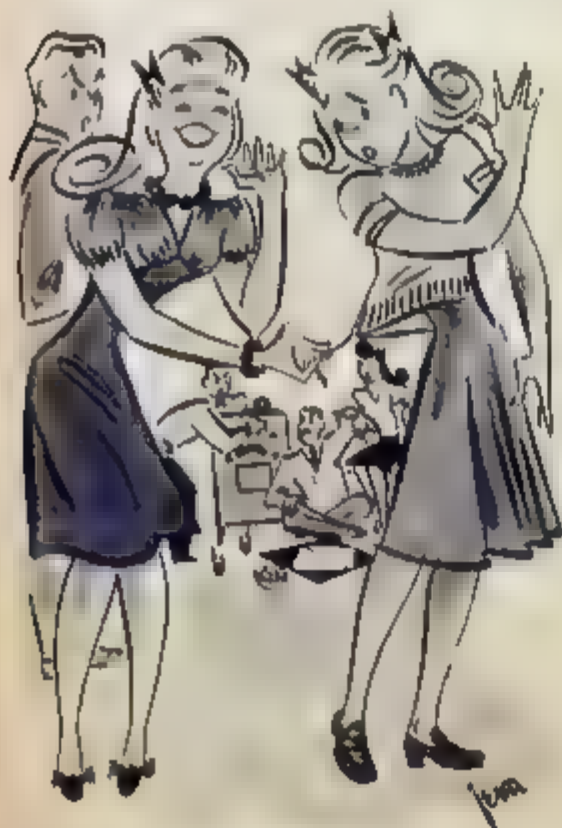
apparatus is in good working order. (You might try it out before a mirror.) Think how nice it will be to see Em and Dick and Natalie and Peter, and perhaps to meet boys and girls you don't know. Decide that you will show your friends you are glad to see them and will be friendly to new acquaintances. You can depend upon it that this mood will make others glad to see you and that you will have fun.

Let's say that Fifi is giving a party to collect the toys a group of you have been getting ready for service men's families. She meets you at the door and tells you where to take off your outdoor trappings. Rid of these, you make a beeline for Fifi's mother, who is hostess-in-chief. Her warm welcome makes you feel more comfortable at once.

Ten to one, when you turn away, you'll spot a friend, and it will be, "Hello, June, what did you bring?" But you may

find yourself beside someone you never saw before. Here is one time when you don't have to wait for an introduction; it's enough that the two of you are in a friend's house. You can introduce yourself. "How do you do? I'm Belinda Bay. Fifi's so excited, she's forgotten to introduce us." The unknown should then open up and give his name. "I'm Ronald Ray." And he might add, "I live in Harmony Heights," or something else explanatory. But if he doesn't, remember last month's advice about talking to strangers.

You can help the party along by entering into games as if you couldn't think of anything in the world you'd rather do—even though possibly you could. Parties bog down if each guest holds out for his private preference. Don't let your enthusiasm, however, get so riotous that the living room begins to look as if a bomb might have



This party misfit is the cut-up, and the others are bored with her monkeyshines.

Susan Says

MY MOTHER

I have read about the mothers of the days of long ago,
With their gentle wrinkled faces, and hair as white as snow.
They were middle aged at forty and at fifty donned lace caps,
At sixty came to shoulder shawls and loved their little naps.

But I have the modern mother, who can share in all the joys,
And can understand the problems of her growing girls and boys.
She may boast that she is forty, but her heart is twenty-three,
My glorious, bright-eyed mother, who is keeping young for me.

By NANCE WALE, aged 14, Berkeley, California

"Susan" is every girl who reads this magazine. Would you like to write "Susan Says"? This month write 150 words on "My Hobby." Entries must reach us by December 31st. Each month we will print and will pay \$5.00 for the best "Susan Says" contribution from a girl reader. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. All of them become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. Address Susan, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.

hit it. That's just rowdyism.

There are two types of party-spoilers. One is the corner-sitter. Even though you haven't a thing to say, stick with the crowd; it doesn't look so scornful. If you can draw a moper back into the company, you won't be decorated for it, but you'll deserve to be. This is the hostess' special duty, but she can't always see to everything, and you may be near enough to say something related to the conversation to the self-exiled guest.

The other party misfit is the show-off. Rosa, for example, must be the center of attention. She jumps about like a grasshopper; she shouts down everybody else with "I know something I'm not going to tell!"; and is just a cut-up. The others are soon bored with her monkeyshines.

When refreshments appear, you needn't pretend to have a birdlike appetite; but don't think that, to show your enjoyment of the food, you must give the impression of a non-fillable stomach.

The time to leave can slip

past you as easy as a boy on a bike, if you don't steal a glance at a watch or clock now and then. Overstaying is sloppy party manners. Say goodbye to Fifi's mother. "I've had a grand time, Mrs. Gilbert," you may say; or "It was a lovely party, Mrs. Gilbert, and I'm awfully glad you asked me"—any appreciative remark that seems natural will suit. Of course, you'll tell Fifi, too, that you enjoyed her party very much and you'll remember to say goodbye to those around you.

At a school party, the chaperon is the official hostess, and she deserves a greeting when you sail in and a word of appreciation when you glide out. She is there to help make things go smoothly, so that everyone will have a good time. Treat her considerately, not like a sentry.

At any party, liking people and letting them see that you do, looking agreeable, observing good manners, and tossing in a dash of good spirits will make you the Desirable Guest. And your good time will then take care of itself!

Praise and Promises

I M always on pins and needles I'll CALLING ALL GIRLS comes out and then I'm on pins and needles all over again. There's no magazine I enjoy more than CALLING ALL GIRLS. It's just the kind of magazine every junior miss prays for."—S. R., New York.

We've had hundreds of letters like the one from S. R. We're delighted to hear how much you enjoy all the features of CALLING ALL GIRLS—the comics designed especially for you; the fiction which is all about girls like you and you; and the feature articles, people, and movies, and all sorts of things to keep you up to date. And we're glad to know, too, that the departments on good looks, fashions, etiquette, junior housekeeping, and "Let's Talk Things Over" have helped you to be the kind of girls you want to be.

Thank you for thanking us! We hope you will always want to. Here are a few of the extra-special features that are promised for future issues of CALLING ALL GIRLS, to give you plenty of reason to be on pins and needles.

SHINE, CHRISTMAS STAR—a story of Helene, who resorted to trickery—not at all in the Christmas spirit—to make things come out right in the end.

BLIZZARD BOUND—an exciting adventure of two girls fighting against time and a blizzard.

FOR FREEDOM—how a girl of 1779 did her part in one great fight for freedom.

A DATE TO REMEMBER—your first, and how to carry it off so that it will be one of those lovely, glowing memories.

AMERICA'S CHILDREN—a description of the Camp Fire Girls' Horizon Club and how it helps handicapped girls and boys.

GIRL SABOTEUR—the true story of a member of a Dutch underground ring fighting the Nazis.

PRISONER OF THE JAPS—a "true comic" of an American girl held by the Japs in a concentration camp.

P.S. Christmas is coming! And here's how M. M., of Massachusetts, is solving a double problem! "I have always bought CALLING ALL GIRLS and I think it is perfectly super! I have induced all my pals to buy the magazine so that they won't borrow my copy all the time. Those who still do, I think I shall give them a subscription for Christmas."

Featherweight

Quilted Cotton Robes

Light as a feather!
Cozy as a fireside!
Colorful as a flower garden!

"Longie" Robe,
about \$4
"Shortie" Robe
about \$3

Girls' Sizes
8 to 16



Ask for "Featherweights" in leading stores everywhere or write to

GEISHA ROBE

1350 Broadway
New York, N. Y.

Mystery at the Lookout

(Continued from page 29)

The two taxis raced across the downtown section of Craig City, and finally made for open country. The car in the lead turned into an unpaved side road. Evidently its driver was unwilling to speed any longer, for the taxi Sally was in rapidly gained on the other car.

"Oh!" cried the girl suddenly, catching a glimpse of the face of the passenger ahead.

The rough road had jolted the bonnet to the old woman's shoulders, where it dangled by its black ribbons. Dark eyeglasses had fallen far down on her nose.

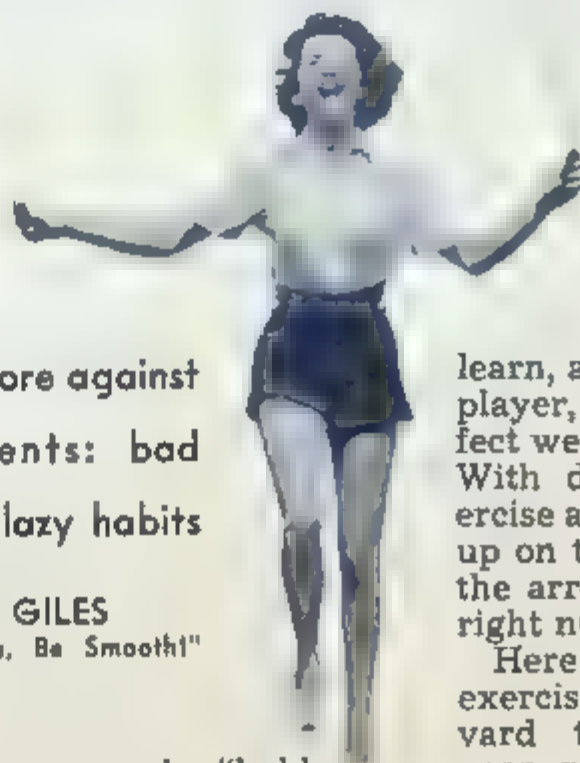
"We're not following Millie Lear at all!" Sally exclaimed. "Not even a woman!"

"What!" demanded Trooper Hartwell, peering ahead.

"That's a man masquerading as an old lady," Sally said excitedly, "and I believe he's the same one we caught at the Lookout! The one who got away from us."

(To be concluded next month)

Hold that Line



Roll up the score against
your opponents: bad
posture and lazy habits

By NELL GILES

Author of "Susan, Be Smooth!"

THE eleven men who "hold that line" for your school team didn't just happen to be well-built and perfectly proportioned. They work at it the year round. Some of them spent the summer in factories; some were truck drivers; some were ditch diggers. And this is true of every school team. Coach Harlow of Harvard is proud of the way his boys didn't loaf this summer. Hibbard, a sophomore, lost thirty pounds digging ditches and walking; Forte was a counselor at a boys' camp; McKinney and Stannard worked on a road gang.

And why do these athletes work so hard the year round? Because "holding that line" is a year-round job. It's a year-round job for girls, too. Only the line we hold is the straight line of perfect posture; the curve of a small waist; the circle the tape measure makes around hips that are in the right proportion to height.

We girls don't—and shouldn't—dig ditches, drive trucks, or work on a road gang. But in a lighter sense we "hold that line" the same way the boys do—with exercise and diet. We

learn, as does any football player, what is the perfect weight for our height. With daily diet and exercise and a weekly check-up on the scales, we keep the arrow pointing to the right number.

Here are nine football exercises which the Harvard team follows the year round. How many of them can you do?

1. Skip rope for five to fifteen minutes. (A good warming-up exercise; improves footwork; strengthens arm and leg muscles.)

2. Lie flat on your back, arms at side. Raise your legs until toes touch the floor behind your head. The boys do this one 15 to 40 times a day.

3. In the same position, with the fingers joined behind your head, raise your body and try to touch your knees with your head. 15 to 40 times for this, if you were on the team, but ten's enough for you!

4. Lie on your stomach with your body straight. Push yourself up with your arms, so that the weight of your straight body is supported by hands and toes only. Can you do this ten times? The boys do it 15 to 30 times a day!

5. Do a "split"—slowly and gradually. Never stretch farther than is comfortable.

6. Do "stationary running"—try to lift your knees higher each time. To increase speed, strengthen thighs and develop "form," the boys do this between one and two hundred

times a day. Fifty times should take the excess weight from your thighs!

7. From a standing position, kick into the air as high as possible. Begin easily and increase gradually the height of your kick. Ten times on each foot is enough of this.

8. Take 20 to 35 starts from the position you play on the team. Run 10 to 15 strides at full speed. Translated into our own language this means make yourself a quarterback, or an end or a halfback. Get into playing position, and start running. For you, this develops quick cooperation between muscles and brains, and that's something you can use in more ways than one.

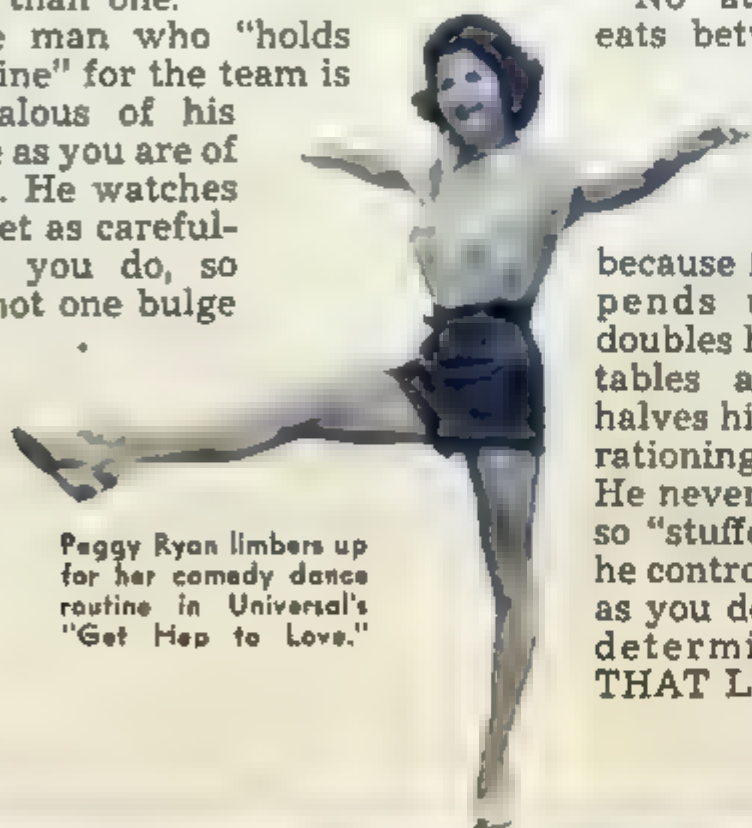
The man who "holds that line" for the team is as jealous of his figure as you are of yours. He watches his diet as carefully as you do, so that not one bulge

makes him overweight. The man in training avoids fancy, highly seasoned foods because they give him little nourishment but plenty of indigestion. (If you often have little broken out places on forehead, chin, chest, and back, take a tip from the training table and stick to simple fare.) He doesn't give in "just this once," because he knows the danger of relaxing training rules. And you won't catch him always threatening to start training on a "tomorrow" that never comes. Now is the time.

Hot dogs, hamburgers, and soft drinks, such as "tonics" or "soda pop" are absolutely taboo for a man in training.

No athlete in training eats between meals or at irregular hours. His breakfast, lunch, and dinner have a clock-like regularity

because his good health depends upon it and he doubles his serving of vegetables and crispy salads, halves his potato and starch rationing, and skips dessert. He never eats until he feels so "stuffed" he can't move; he controls his appetite, just as you do, if you are really determined to "HOLD THAT LINE!"



Peggy Ryan limbers up for her comedy dance routine in Universal's "Get Hep to Love."



You will make these your daily dozen, Peggy says, if you want to be a winner.

Easy? You think so! But you'll have to practice to do this as effortlessly as Peggy.

Petiteen

FOR SMALL TEENS



For all teen-age girls still under five feet in height—your problem of finding clothes to fit your figure and your age is solved! Petiteen dresses are the solution for tiny teen-age girls who find 7 to 14 dresses too babyish. PETITEEN sizes 10 to 14—about \$6.

At leading stores everywhere, or write to

ARONOFF-RICHLING & FEIN, Inc.

520 NINTH AVE., NEW YORK

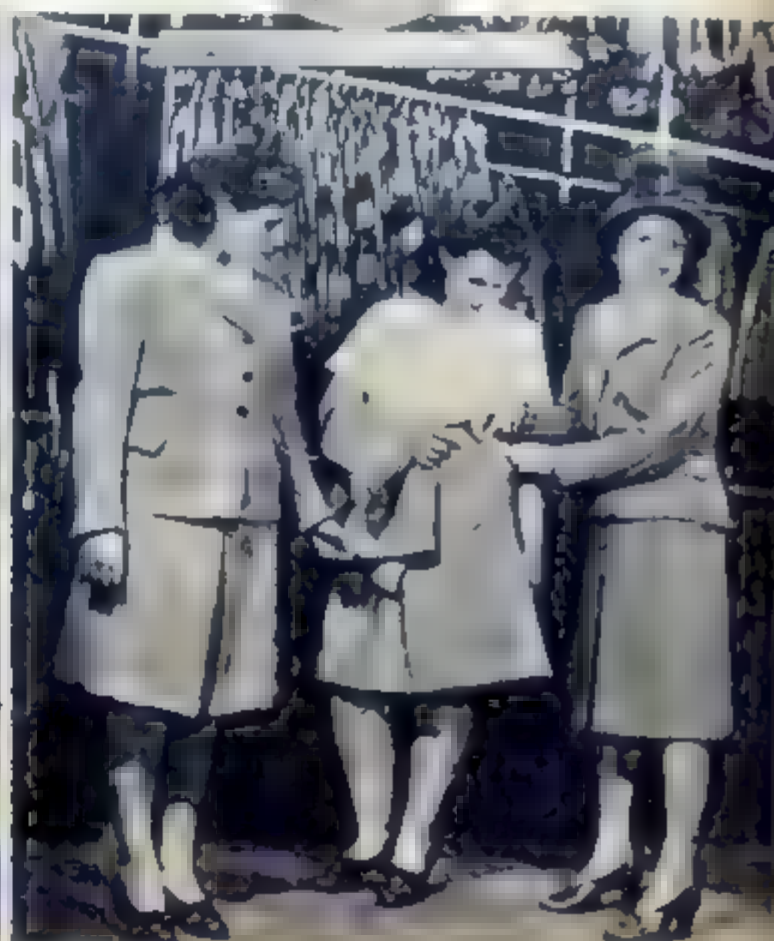


Solve your **WEIGHTIEST**

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

Nancy Pepper helps to select the right hat for the right coats. A becoming hat helps to balance figure proportions.

SOMETHING had to be done about the many girls who write us about their figure problems. Well, we "dood" it, with the help of nine members of Saks-34th's Tricks for Teens Club here in New York. Between the ages of 11 and 15, they are all more or less on the plump side, as you can see, but, like their slimmer friends, they adore pretty clothes. They like bright colors, "sharp" plaids, and up-to-the-minute silhouettes. They are super fashion conscious. To prove that size is no obstacle to style and good fit, we took them into the wholesale market, visiting manufacturers who specialize in "Chubby" sizes. Were they convinced? Just look at our pictures!



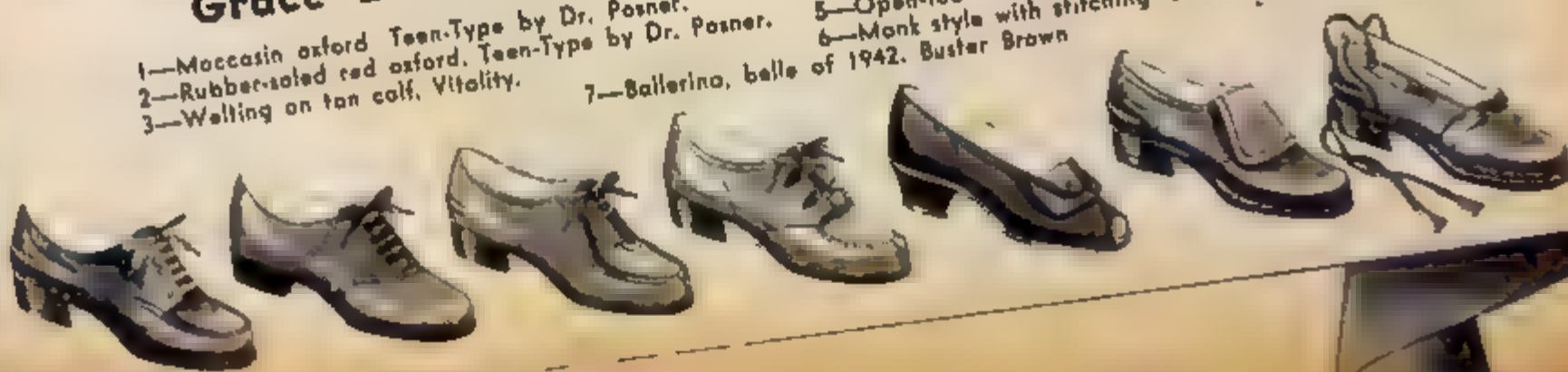
WIN A PRIZE IN OUR "DO'S AND DON'T'S" FOR CHUBBIES CONTEST

Just jot down some of your ideas on how a plump girl should-and-should-not dress. \$1.00 will be paid for every suggestion used in a special leaflet. Mail in your "do's and don't's" on or before November 25, 1942, to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS and cannot be acknowledged or returned.

Is regular teen size sportswear too snug for you? Try Vita-Girl sportswear, especially sized, beautifully styled. At left above, Betty Blake and Theresa McKenna in Vita-Girl skirts. Right, Connie Spiro (130 lbs. and perfectly fitted in a 12½ size) looks on while Nancy Pepper tries in vain to fit Lydia Gendell in a regular teen size. It all happened right in the Vita-Girl showroom!

Grace and Posture Start from the Ground Up!

- 1—Moccasin oxford Teen-Type by Dr. Posner.
- 2—Rubber-soled red oxford. Teen-Type by Dr. Posner.
- 3—Wellington on tan calf. Vitality.
- 4—Brown elk ghillie oxford. Kreider.
- 5—Open-toe black suede for dress-up. Vitality.
- 6—Monk style with stitching Buster Brown.
- 7—Ballerina, belle of 1942. Buster Brown



problems with "Chubby" Sizes



"The smartest jumpers we ever saw, and they fit," cheered Betty Blake, Louise Bernstein and Lydia Gendell, shown above, from left to right. Betty wears a 16½, Louise a 12½, Lydia a 14½. They are Chubbette fashions.



Stripes and checks do wonders for your figure, if you're anything like Theresa McKenna, Connie Spiro, and Bernice Perle, above, from left to right. The girls were thrilled to receive as gifts the Chubbette dresses they modeled.



Our girls had definite ideas about coats. "We know what we want but we can never find it to fit us," they deplored. When they saw the Gracefully Yours coats, they were amazed. Above, Ruth Bernstein likes fur; Valerie and Theresa prefer "boy" coats of Ancuna fleece.



"The Chesterfield for me!" exclaimed Bernice Perle, above left. Gracefully Yours 12½ teen size fit perfectly. Connie Spiro accents her Ancuna fleece with adorable red felt mittens and cap. Jeanne Ecke, above right, was really delighted with a size 12½ of the 7½ to 14½ range.



Our models are interviewed by Mark Plant, master of ceremonies at the Hotel New Yorker, where they lunched.

Vita-Girl sportswear, Gracefully Yours coats, Chubbette dresses at Saks 34th, New York Gimbels, Milwaukee, Wis. For name of store in your town featuring these fashions send 3¢ stamp to Nancy Pepper, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York, N. Y.



MAKE 75 GIFTS FROM SCRAPS!



Write for 10¢ Direction Book

Your gifts for Christmas and all next year needn't cost a penny if you use scraps of yarn and fabrics, bright threads and beads. And they will be more original and more appreciated because you made them yourself. Get "Gifts You Can Make" at your favorite art needlework department, or mail coupon below.

See all the exciting "Gifts You Can Make" for Christmas, Birthdays, Brides, Showers, Hobbies, Babies, Boys and Girls:

Applique'
Aprons
Baby things
Bags
Barbecue set
Bath mitts
Beanie
Bed socks
Closet necessities
Crocheted jewelry
Dolls and clothes
Embroidery
Gift wrappings
Hot dish mats
Initialing
Lapel gadgets
Lounge socks
Luncheon sets
Mittens
Napkins
Pot holders
Pinafores
Sachets
Scauffs
Sewing kit
Soldiers' favorites



Necklace and Earrings



Scuffs



Bean Bag

NEW! "Make and Mend for Victory," a 54-page book showing how to make a new wardrobe out of cast-off clothes.

MAIL COUPON TODAY!

THE SPOOL COTTON CO.,
Educational Bureau, Dept. 314
54 Clark Street, Newark, New Jersey
Enclosed find _____ cents. Please send me _____ copies of "Gifts You Can Make," and _____ copies of "Make and Mend for Victory," at 10¢ per copy.
Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____



For Keeps—Of course you haven't room for all your necklaces around your neck at one time, so how 'bout substituting a necktie rack? Fasten it on the back of your closet door and hang your necklaces on it. There are all sorts of styles to choose from—plain and peculiar—and it will keep your beads and trinkets from getting all tangled up in your drawer.—*Shirley Jane Clement, Minneapolis, Minn.* If your jewelry box is still crowded, here's a novel place to keep your pins and gadgets. Do you own one of those big boudoir dolls? Then pin them all over her skirt. She will sit proudly on your bed displaying the splendor of your personal crown jewels. And it will be easier for you to find the pin you want to wear.—*Joann Smith, Taylorville, Ill.*

Be Smart at School—Smart girls have pretty hands and pretty hands don't have inky fingers. So if your pen sheds, here's your solution in a simple little gadget. Cut a small, thin piece of blotter to fit around the bottom of your pen. Sew the seam with colored yarn. It will fit your pen like a ring but there'll be no ink to ring your fingers.—*Janet Harris, Linden, N. J.*

Foolish Fittings—Do you want something that would tickle you pink? Then collect a number of gaily colored feathers—perhaps from old hats—and punch holes in the ends. Try to keep them

even lengths. String them on bright yarn and wear them around your neck. Pretty chic, we think.—*Constance Johnson, Washington, D. C.*

Flowers That Bloom in Winter—Here is a new use for the wall-paper cutouts you've been decorating the furniture in your room with. If you have a solid color patent leather purse that needs something gay, try this. Using cutouts from wallpaper (flowers, figures, etc.), paste them on the flap or front of your purse. Then go over the whole purse with clear shellac and you have a new purse that is like no other.—*Flo Ann Leonard, Woodward, Ala.* Or if it's your writing paper that you want to be just your own, you can decorate it with flowers and figures from old greeting cards. Cut out small flowers or other pictures and paste them on the corner of your stationery. Press them down good and flat so that they really look as if they belong on the paper. Not only pretty but it gives you lots of chance for variety!—*Betty Rauh, Willow Grove, Pa.*

Shout Your Wares—Are you a philatelist (stamp collector, to you)? Well, then, why not advertise it? Take one of your interesting stamps and glue it on a piece of wood or cardboard. Cover the stamp with a piece of cellophane to protect it, and wear it on your lapel.—*Patricia Grauert, West Reading, Pa.*

\$1 will be paid for each Gadget for Girls published

SEND us many Gadgets as you like, with or without rough drawings. Neatness, art work, and literary style do not count. Gadgets are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. State your full name, address, and age. Address Gadgets for Girls, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

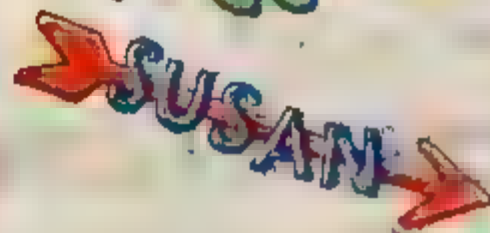
Christmas is what you make for it!



WITH needle and thimble in hand, let's look far ahead to Christmas. Here are just a few of the original gifts any girl can make and every girl would love to receive. Most of them can be made with scraps of materials you have around the house. Come on, now—Sew for Christmas and Save for War Stamps.



Make 'em Personal!



1. Convertible apron and knitting bag, too.
2. Cheerful turtle mascot to decorate a girl's own bedroom.
3. Four colorful Brico scarfs (25c each) make one smart skirt.
4. Dainty apron with detachable pot-holder pockets. Cuts?
5. Suspenders she will wear with any skirt.
6. Terry and calico powder mit. Fill it with bath powder.
7. Quilted bedroom slippers. Very cozy.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



Enhance every gift you make with names or initials. All you need for these attractive designs is scissors, iron, and several colors of Press-On Mending Taps. Cut 'em out and press 'em on. When you make gifts this Christmas—make 'em personal!

ONE SUMMER DAY IN
THE EARLY 1900'S...

SNOWBABY

THE STORY OF MARIE PEARY'S PERILOUS JOURNEY THROUGH
THE LAND OF ICE AND SNOW TO JOIN HER FATHER, THE
FAMOUS ARTIC EXPLORER, REAR ADMIRAL PEARY

MOTHER, ARE THESE
SUPPLIES FOR DADDY?



YES, MARIE. THEY
ARE GOING TO THE
NORTH POLE.

MARIE, LET'S TELL
THE CAPTAIN WE
WILL GO, TOO!

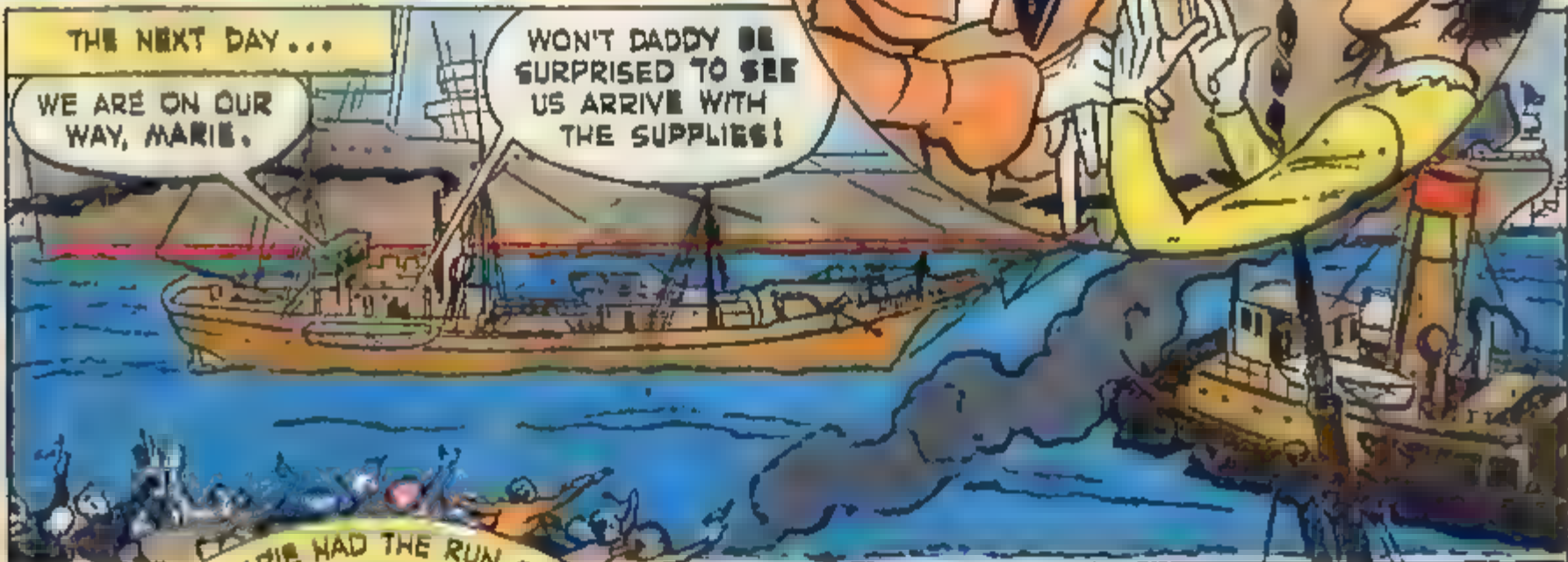
OH, MOTHER,
IT WOULD BE
WONDERFUL TO
SEE DADDY!



THE NEXT DAY...

WE ARE ON OUR
WAY, MARIE.

WON'T DADDY BE
SURPRISED TO SEE
US ARRIVE WITH
THE SUPPLIES!



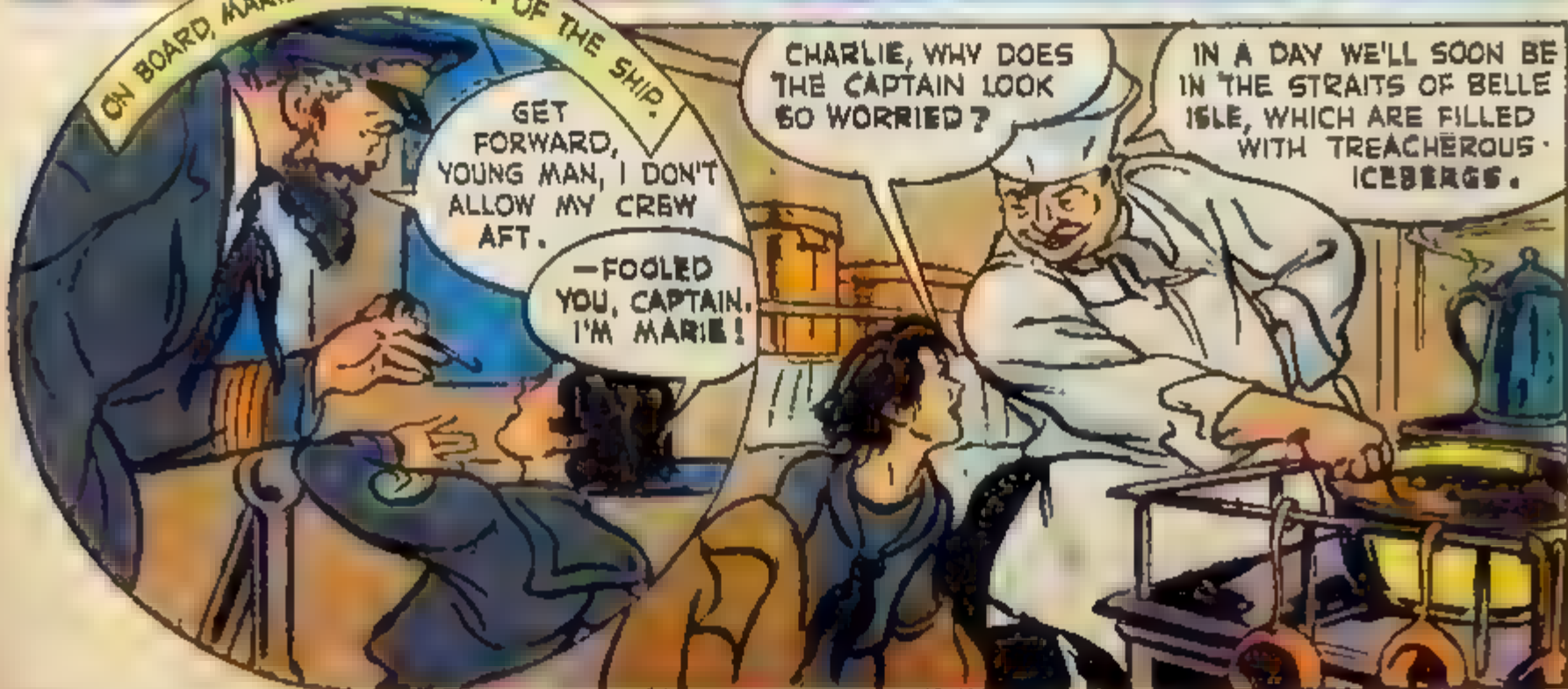
ON BOARD, MARIE HAD THE RUN OF THE SHIP.

GET
FORWARD,
YOUNG MAN, I DON'T
ALLOW MY CREW
AFT.

—FOOLED
YOU, CAPTAIN.
I'M MARIE!

CHARLIE, WHY DOES
THE CAPTAIN LOOK
SO WORRIED?

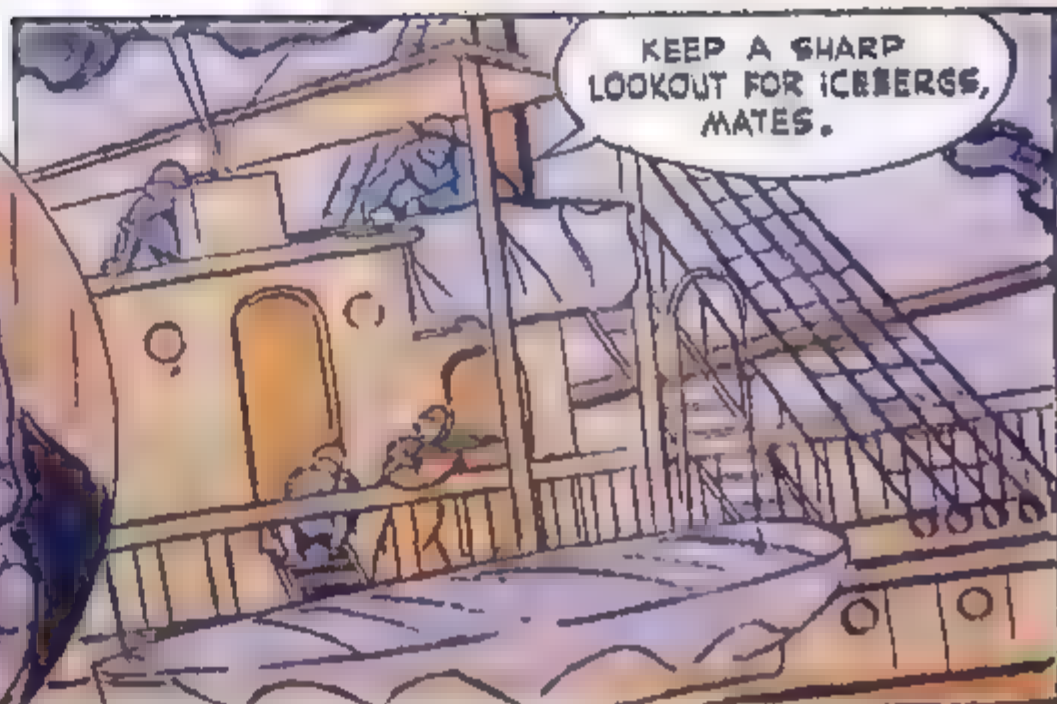
IN A DAY WE'LL SOON BE
IN THE STRAITS OF BELLE
ISLE, WHICH ARE FILLED
WITH TREACHEROUS
ICEBERGS.





MOTHER,
ARE WE IN
THE STRAITS
OF BELLE?

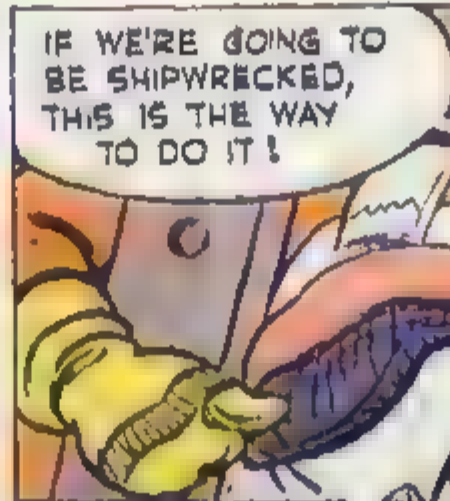
I'M AFRAID
SO. LOOK AT THAT
THICK FOG! I CAN'T
SEE A THING!



KEEP A SHARP
LOOKOUT FOR ICEBERGS,
MATES.



ICEBERG
DEAD
AHEAD!



IF WE'RE GOING TO
BE SHIPWRECKED,
THIS IS THE WAY
TO DO IT!

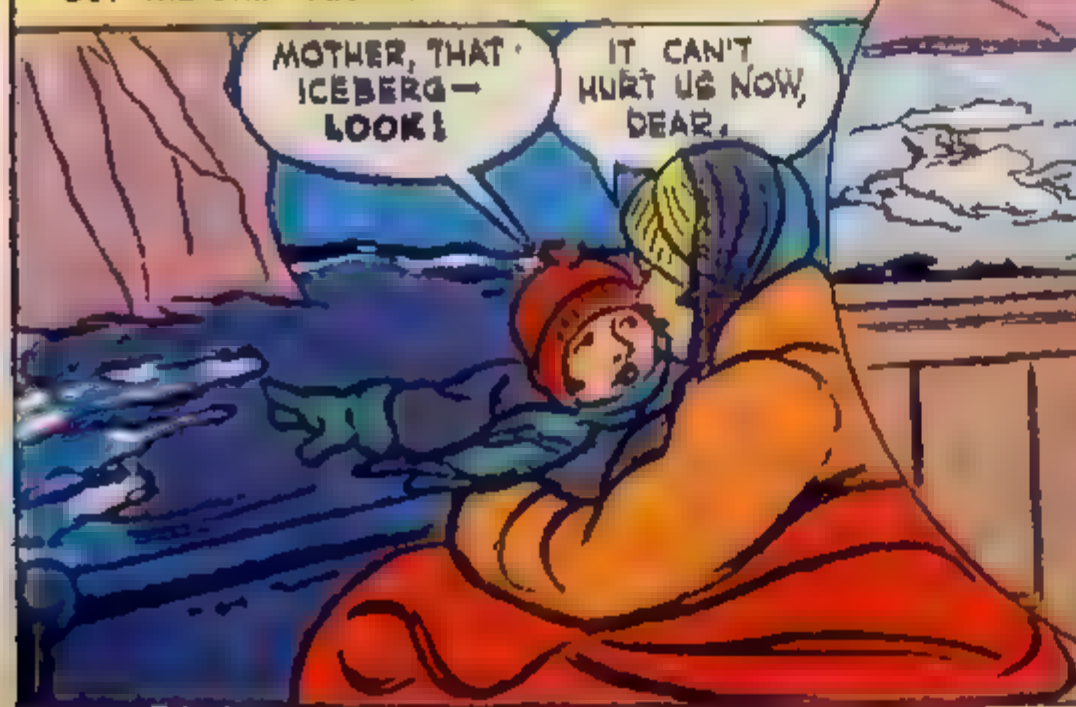
OH,
MOTHER,
MOTHER!



WILL WE
REACH EDAH
TOMORROW,
MOTHER?

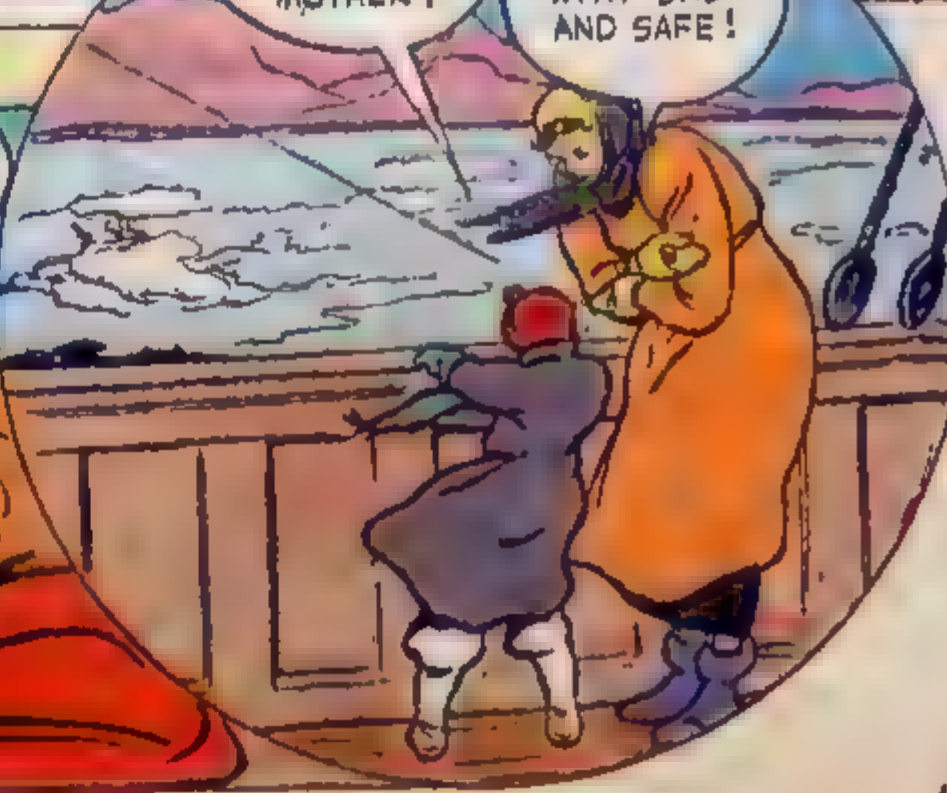
YES, THEN
WE'LL BE
WITH DAD
AND SAFE!

BUT THE SHIP SLOWLY RIGHTED ITSELF...



MOTHER, THAT
ICEBERG—
LOOK!

IT CAN'T
HURT US NOW,
DEAR.



THE NEXT DAY AT THE ARTIC POST OF ETAH...

CAPTAIN, WHERE'S MY HUSBAND?

HE'S LEFT INSTRUCTIONS TO COME ON NORTH TO HIS WINTER QUARTERS AT FORT CONGER.

MOTHER, WHY DO YOU KEEP STARING OUT AT THE WATER?

I'M WORRIED. THE SEASON IS GETTING LATE AND THE "WINDWARD" IS SUCH A SMALL SHIP.

FOR EIGHT DAYS THE "WINDWARD" BEAT HER WAY THROUGH A FIELD OF ICE.

WHEN WILL THE ICE END?

SOON, I HOPE. WE'RE ALL SO TIRED.

IT'S PAYA HARBOR. TURN IN, EVERYONE, AND GET SOME SLEEP.

I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER GET HOME.

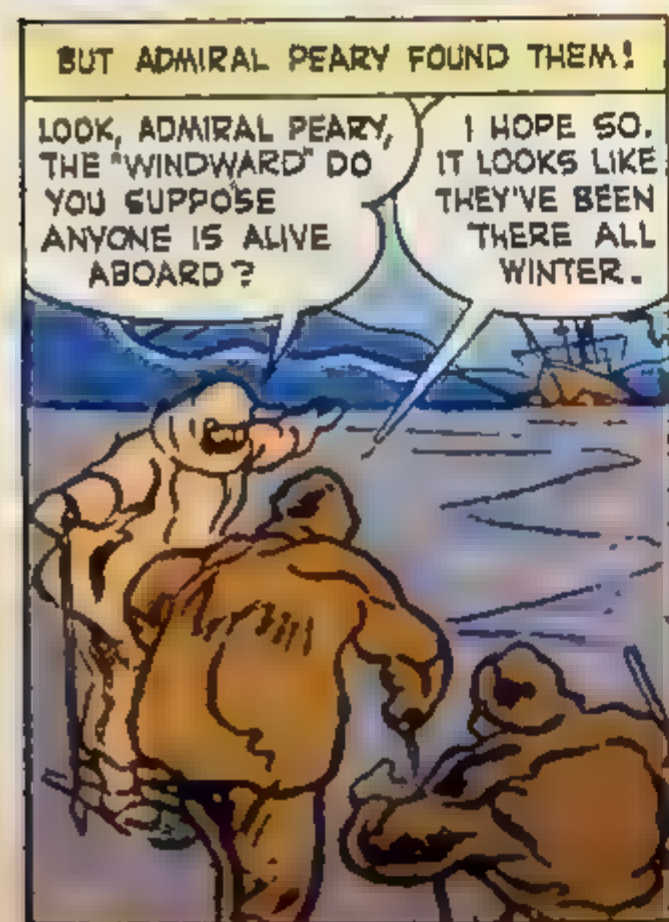
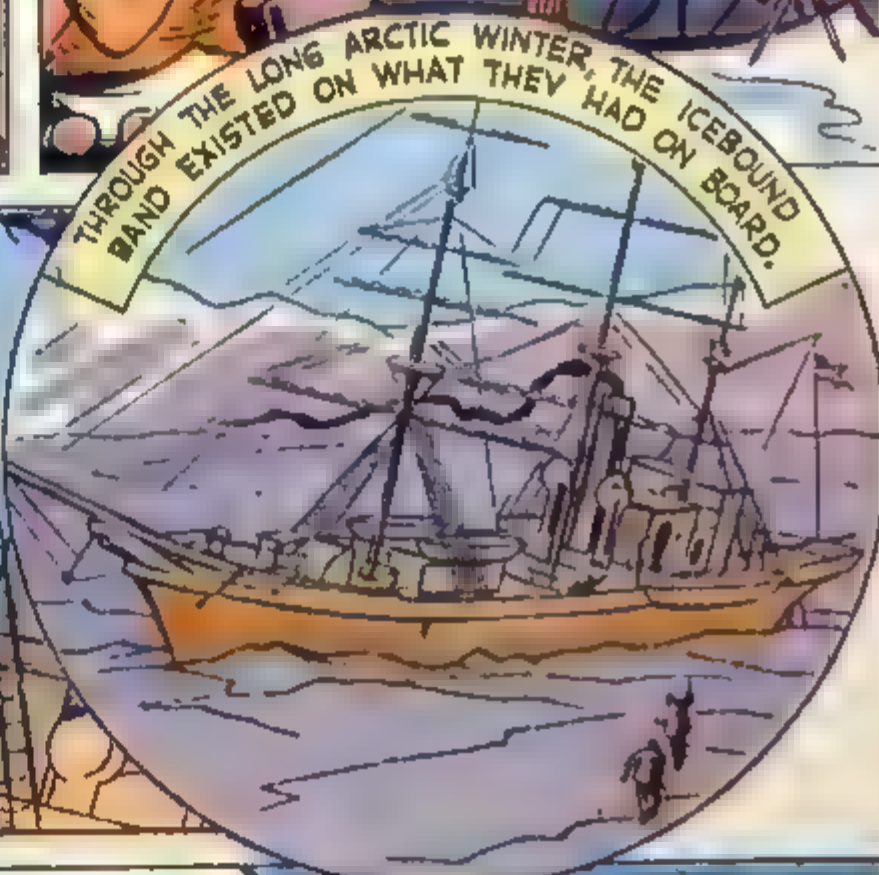
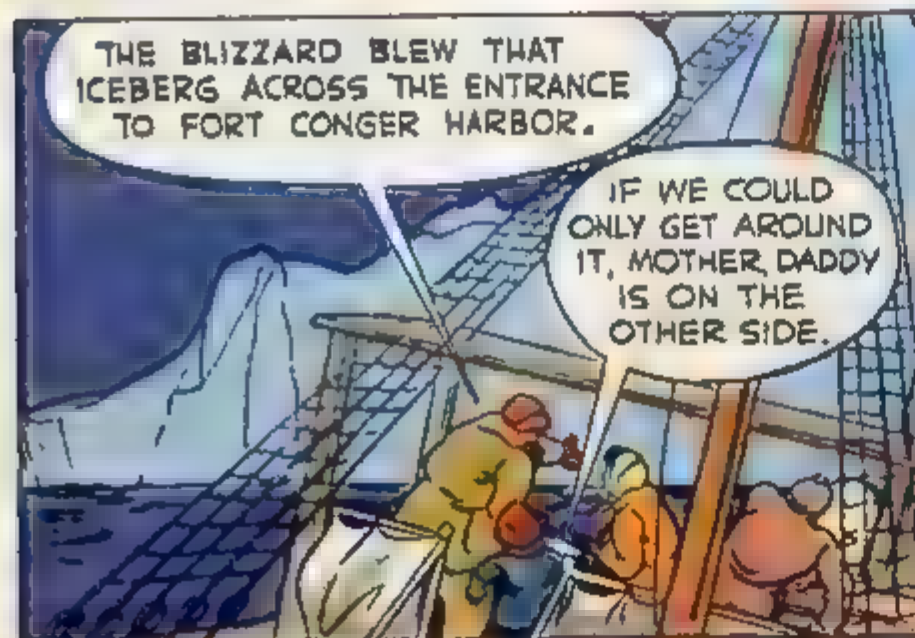
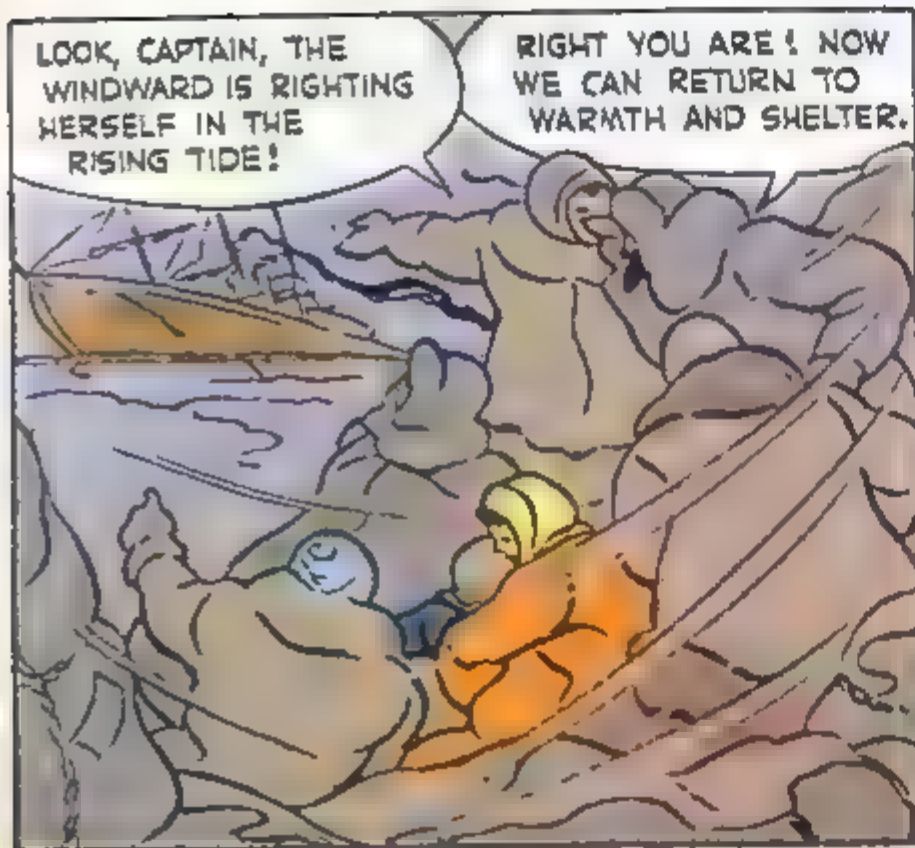
BUT THEIR REST DID NOT LAST LONG.

WHAT'S HAPPENED?

GET UP, MARIE. THE "WINDWARD" HAS BEEN BLOWN AGAINST THE ROCKS! SHE MIGHT SINK ANY MINUTE!

WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE REFUGE ON THAT ISLAND.

BUT, MOTHER, THERE'S NO FIRE OR SHELTER ON THAT ISLAND.



WINTER FUN WITH PLANTS

Here's winter greenery you can grow in your room to contrast with the winter scenery outside. Just see how your garden grows!

By EMILY SEABER PARCHER

Author and Gardener

WINTER doesn't have to be a time when everything is white or gray or just dull. Try planting things and see how gay and cheery they'll make your room—if you can keep them there; Mother will probably want them for the living room. For instance, have you ever placed carrot tops in a shallow dish of water after your mother has cut them from the carrots? In a week or so the feathery tops have lost their wilted look and actually begin to sprout new green leaves from the center.

You can buy narcissus bulbs (the paper white, narcissus soleil d'or, or Chinese sacred lilies) and plant them in pebbles and water. In a few weeks they'll be bursting with blossoms of exquisite fragrance. Orange and grapefruit seeds (yes, from the fruit you have for breakfast!) are fun to grow. Place several seeds to a pot, cover to twice their depth, and keep the soil warm and moist until the seeds are up.

Plant the enormous seed of an avocado sometime. Peel it first and then place it in the top of a bottle filled with water, so the seed doesn't quite reach the water; or at the top of a tumbler of water, with three toothpicks stuck radially into the seed so they support it above the water. In a few weeks it will sprout in two ways—a long white root below, and a green stem above. The plant can grow this way for months; then, by adding soil gradually to the water, it can be transferred from water to soil



If you put a sweet potato in water so that just the top sticks out, in time you'll have a window plant as graceful as this one.

and finally potted in a regular pot.

But for something more ambitious, especially if you like miniature gardens and want to experiment with a number of plants, try your hand at a terrarium. A small rectangular shape is best. Either buy one (twelve inches by six, and six inches high) with a glass cover, or make one with window glass cut at the hardware store and put together with adhesive tape painted green before applying. You will need four pieces of glass (twelve by six inches) for the top, bottom, and sides; and two end pieces, six inches square.

If you can get out to the woods to gather your own plants, a terrarium is even more fun. Line a small market basket

with paper and take along waxed paper in which to wrap each plant with its own earth. Include an old kitchen fork for digging tiny specimens, and a trowel to dig a quart of rich woodsy earth. If you can't get to the woods, perhaps you can get some clippings from a friendly florist. Or maybe a friend with a well-established terrarium will share with you.



You won't get any fruit from this avocado plant, but its green leaves are pretty. Grow one yourself from an avocado seed.

If you're gathering your own plants, look around for a few tiny rock fern; a baby polypody, or a small Christmas fern, or a woodsia, which never grows higher than a few inches. Nearby you ought to find a partridge vine, with twin red berries huddled close to the stem. Being an evergreen, this is lovely in a terrarium—or planted by itself in a small round glass jar. The white blossoms appear in spring.

Wintergreen, or checkerberry, is another woodsy plant with white flowers and red



White Violet



Partridge Vine



Polypody



Wintergreen



Hepatica



Avocado Pear
(See other drawing)



Woodsia



Christmas Fern



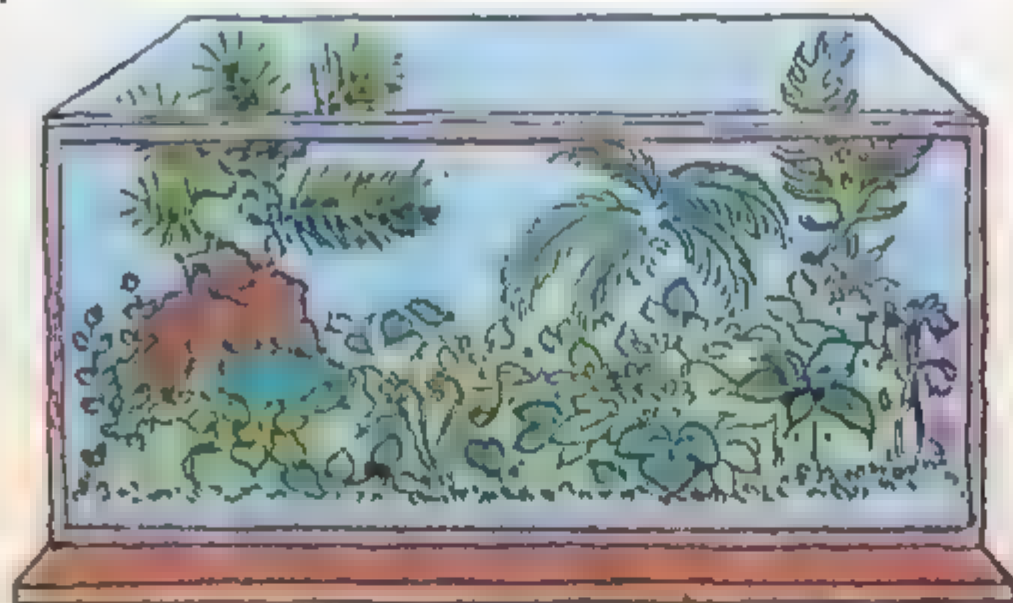
Baby White Pine



Sweet Potato
(See drawing of vine)



Indian Pipe



You don't need to be a crack gardener or a plant expert to make a terrarium as colorful and luxuriant as this one. Here's a chance to find out whether you have a "green thumb."

berries. And if you are good at identifying wild plants without their blossoms, do hunt for the three-lobed leaves of a hepatica plant to include in your planting, or a white swamp violet.

You can dig up any small plants that appeal to you. With one or two plants, try including several inches of "surrounding territory." Perhaps an acorn lies buried there, or maybe Indian pipes are lurking in the dark earth.

You'll like the feathery needles of a baby white pine; and a few interesting mosses, too. Press the moss against the glass so it will be seen from outside. Make a place for a few inches of gray-green lichen, which grows on old stumps and rocks, and watch for its bright knobs of fruit as your terrarium grows. Try to avoid plants that are rare in your vicinity; arbutus, rattlesnake plantain, columbine, and pitcher plant

should be left to flourish in their native soil. Your public library has a book by which you can identify wild plants.

First, place a half inch of coarse sand or gravel over the bottom of your terrarium; then a layer of broken charcoal to keep it smelling sweet (a half-burned piece of firewood will do). Now sprinkle a bit of rich earth over the charcoal and you can start your planting.

Do a bit of landscaping first. For instance, a rectangular terrarium is more artistic with the smaller plants in front, and higher ones in the rear. Or you may have a small "tree" in the center and work in low plants around the edges. You might want an accenting piece of white quartz at the left, or a piece of bark at the right. How about one of those cute brownie figures hiding behind your "rock"? Or the top of a mayonnaise jar for a tiny pool? Place

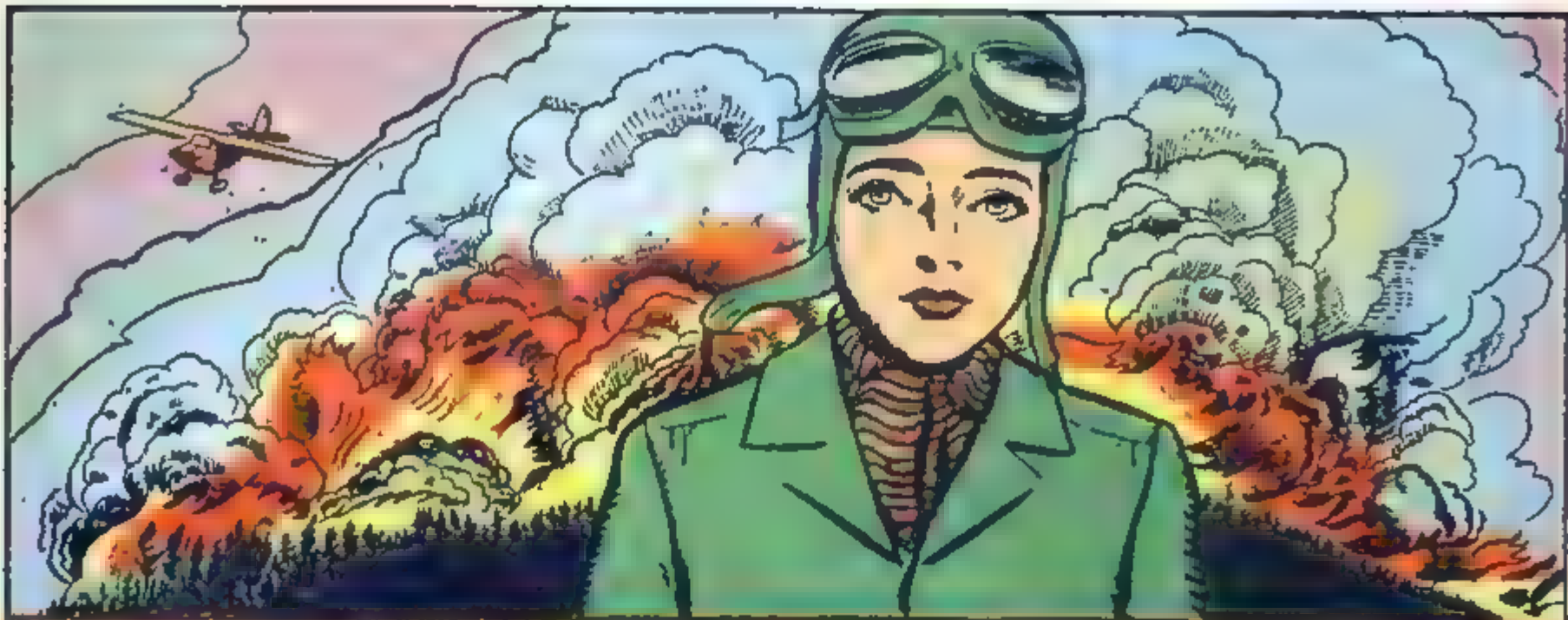
this before planting, and camouflage the edges with moss.

Set in the little plants as closely as possible, and push them down firmly with your fingers. Sprinkle extra soil between them; with perhaps a layer of moss over the soil.

Most of your terrarium plants, being from the woods, need only a few hours of sun a day. So an east window is probably the best place for it. If it can't have a window be sure to let the sun shine on it a few hours a day anyway.

Give a terrarium all the water it can stand, but not enough to make it soggy. After watering, set the glass top askew so the air can circulate; but when the water has evaporated somewhat, replace the top.

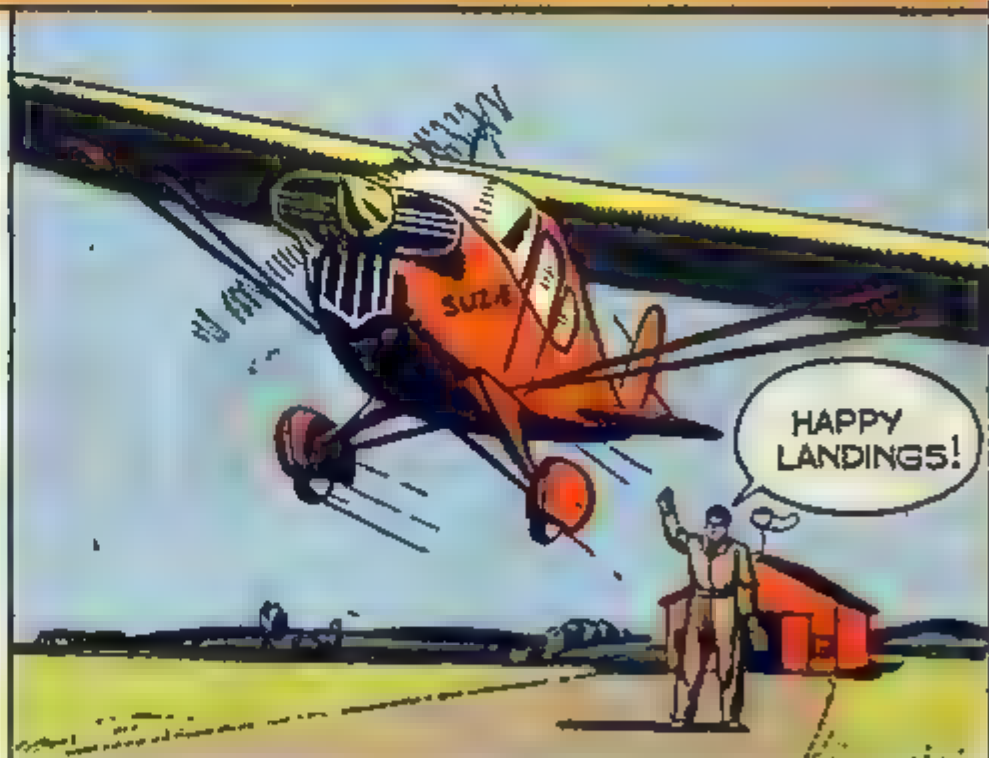
And that's all there is to making a terrarium. Wasn't it easy—and wasn't it fun? The greatest fun is yet in store for you—that of watching it grow!



JUDY WING

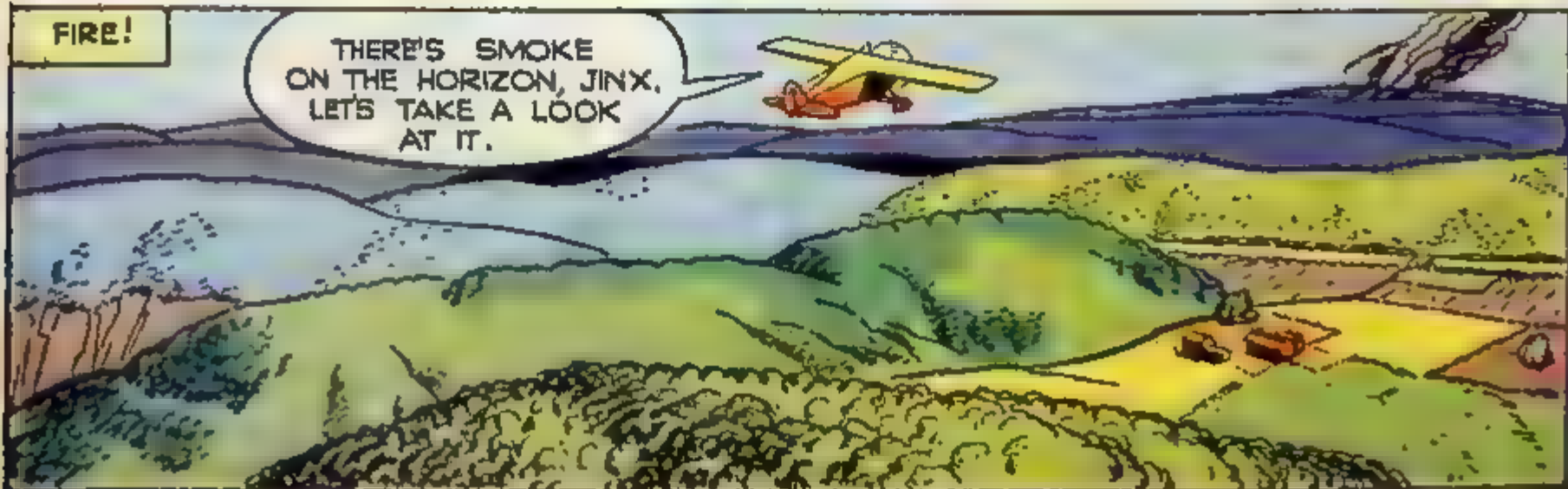
Judy Turns Fire Fighter

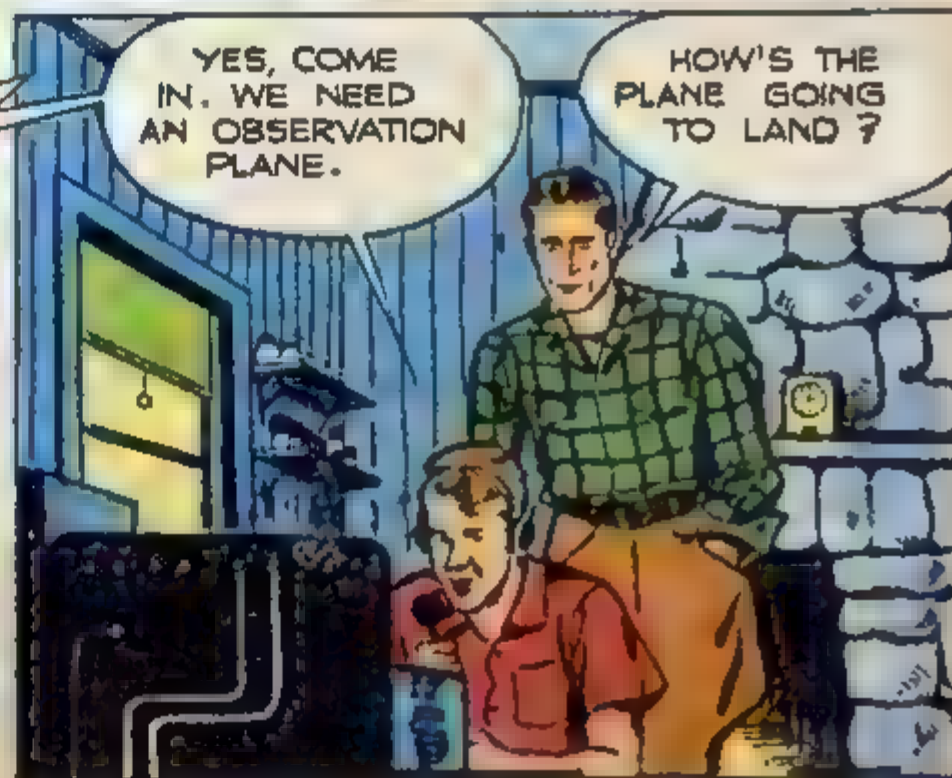
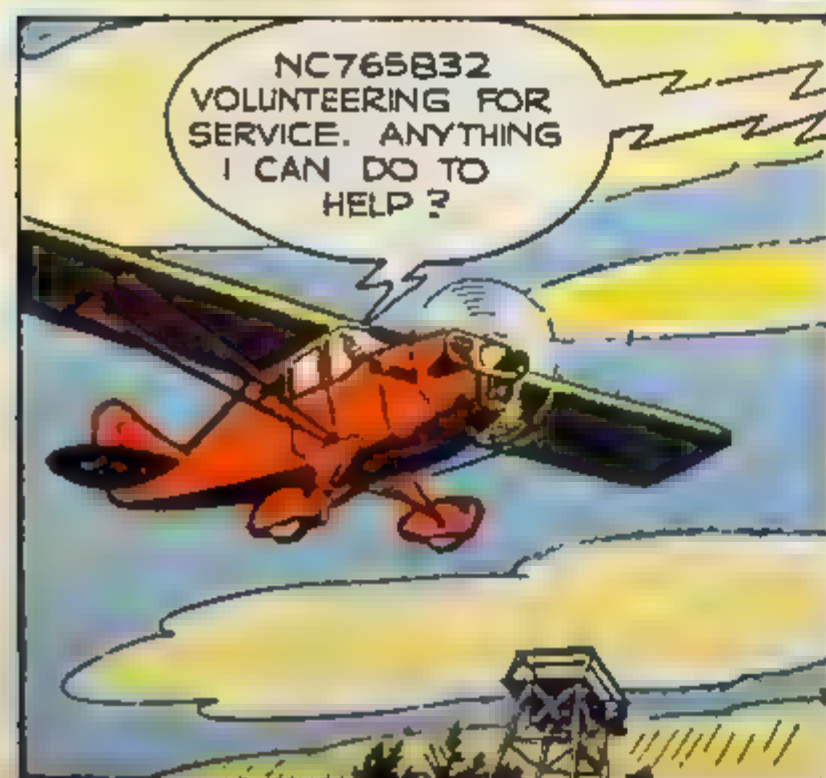
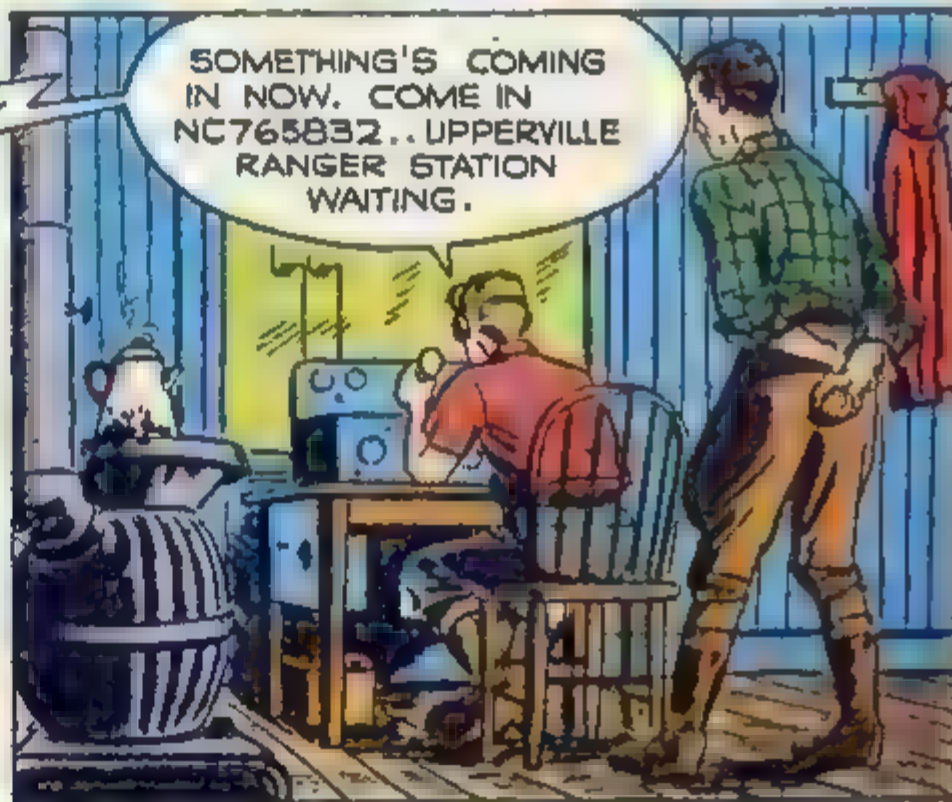
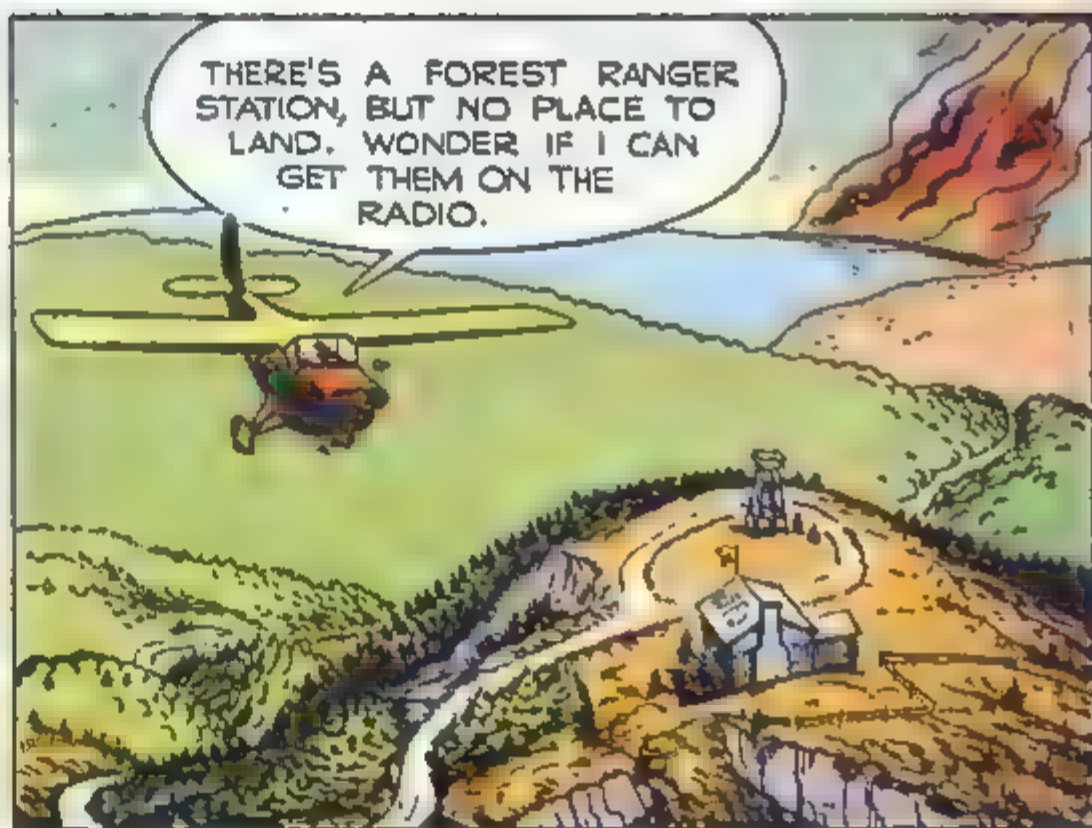
HOP IN, JINX WE'RE
OFF TO SEE THE
LITTLE BURNS BOY-
HE'S OUT OF THE
HOSPITAL
NOW.



FIRE!

THERE'S SMOKE
ON THE HORIZON, JINX.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT IT.





MEANWHILE, MEN WERE RAPIDLY BEING MOBILIZED TO FIGHT THE FIRE.

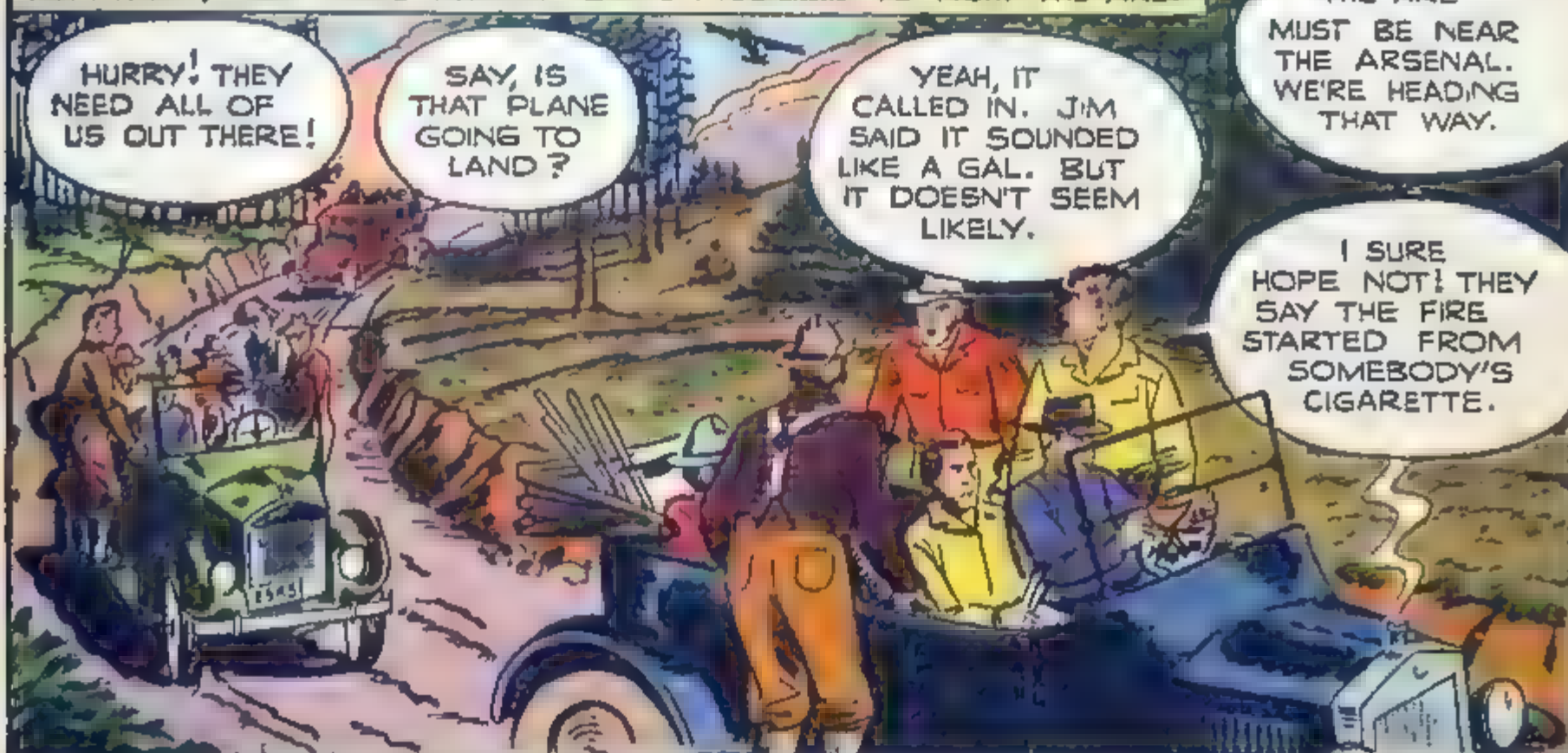
HURRY! THEY
NEED ALL OF
US OUT THERE!

SAY, IS
THAT PLANE
GOING TO
LAND?

YEAH, IT
CALLED IN. JIM
SAID IT SOUNDED
LIKE A GAL. BUT
IT DOESN'T SEEM
LIKELY.

THE FIRE
MUST BE NEAR
THE ARSENAL.
WE'RE HEADING
THAT WAY.

I SURE
HOPE NOT! THEY
SAY THE FIRE
STARTED FROM
SOMEBODY'S
CIGARETTE.



WE DON'T
SEEM TO
BE MAKING
ANY
HEADWAY.

I WONDER
HOW CLOSE THE
FIRE IS TO
THE ARSENAL?
CAN'T TELL
WITH ALL THIS
SMOKE.

OVERHEAD, JUDY FACED THE
PROBLEM OF BRINGING HER
PLANE DOWN IN THE FLAMING
FOREST.

HOLD TIGHT,
PUP! WE'VE GOT
TO GET DOWN
IN THAT MESS
SOMEHOW.



YOU'RE
NO JINX,
JINX! WE'LL
MAKE IT!



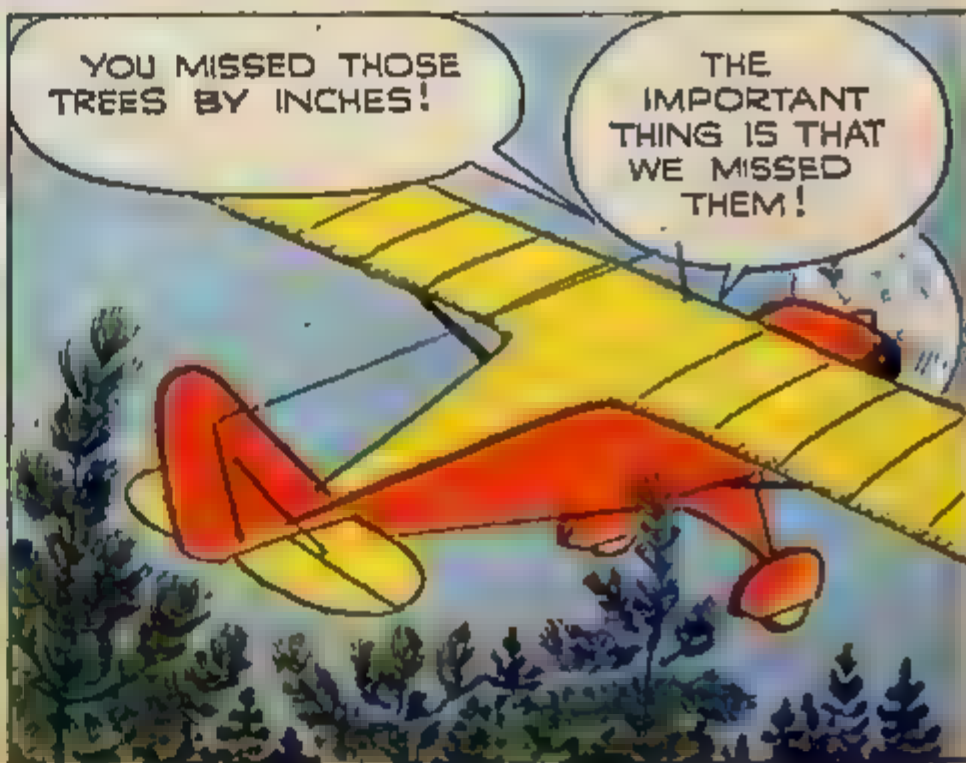
NICE LANDING,
MISS. WILL YOU
TAKE ME UP SO
I CAN DIRECT
THE FIRE
FIGHTING?

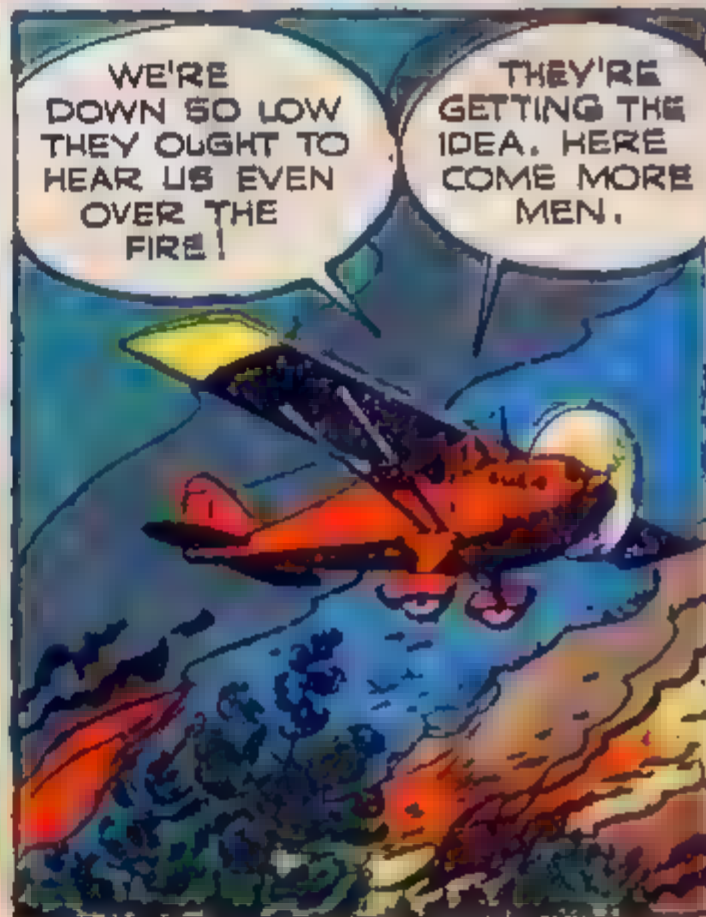
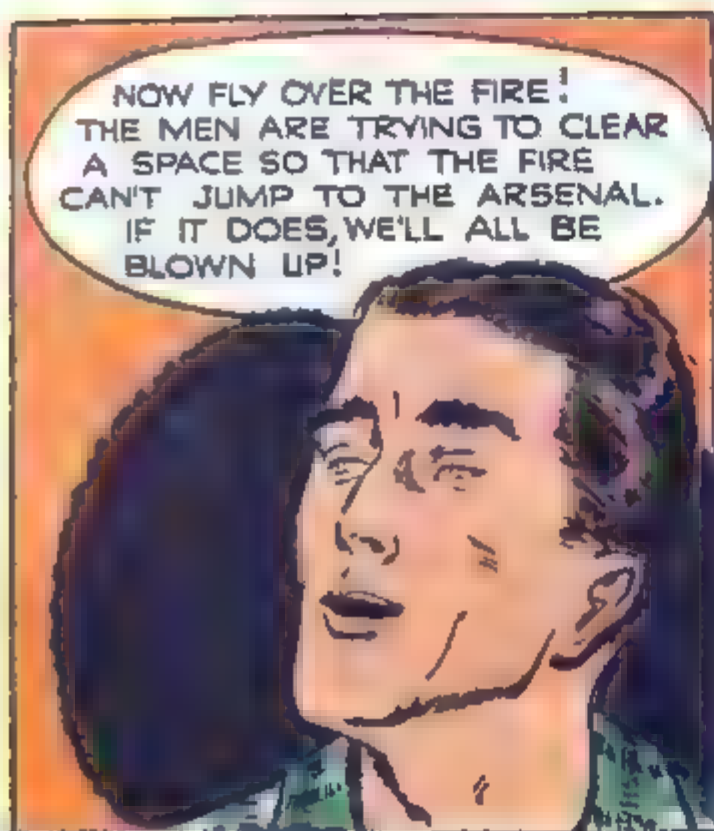
WE CAN
TRY, BUT I
WISH WE
HAD AN
AUTOGYRO!



YOU MISSED THOSE
TREES BY INCHES!

THE
IMPORTANT
THING IS THAT
WE MISSED
THEM!





AFTER SEVERAL HOURS OF FLYING THROUGH THE SMOKE...

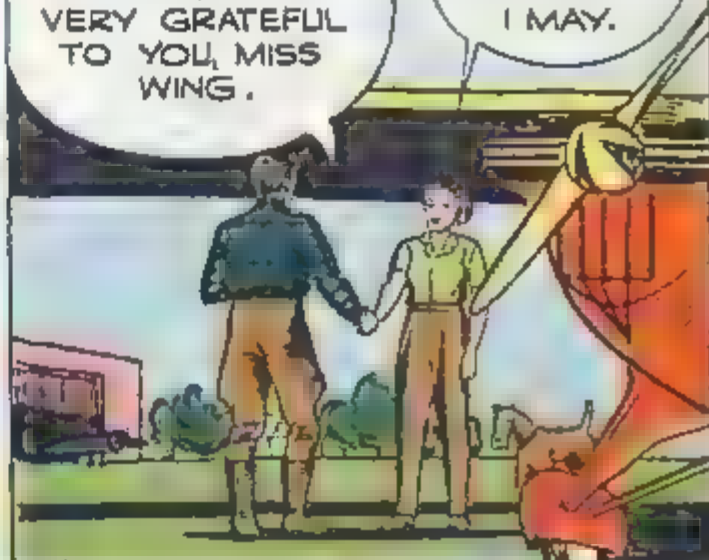
IT'S BURNING
OUT NOW, THE
ARSENAL
IS SAFE.

THEN I'LL
PUT YOU DOWN
AT UPPERVILLE.



DO COME
BACK AND SEE
US. WE ARE ALL
VERY GRATEFUL
TO YOU, MISS
WING.

I'D LIKE
TO COME
BACK IF
I MAY.



THAT EVENING AT THE CHIEF'S HOME.

IT'S CERTAINLY DUE TO JUDY
WING THAT WE SAVED THE
ARSENAL. I WISH THERE
WERE SOME WAY WE
COULD THANK HER.

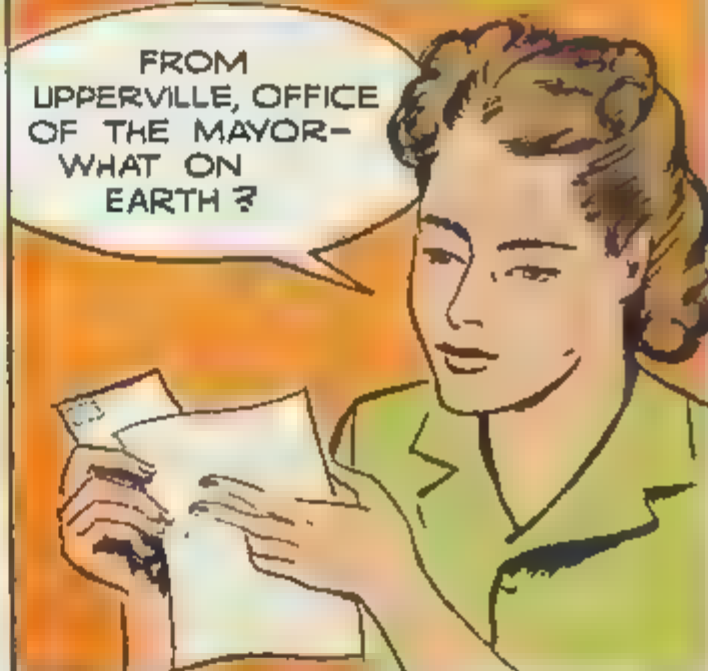
SHE'S
DONE THE
WHOLE
COUNTRY
A SERVICE.

SAY...
I HAVE
AN
IDEA!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

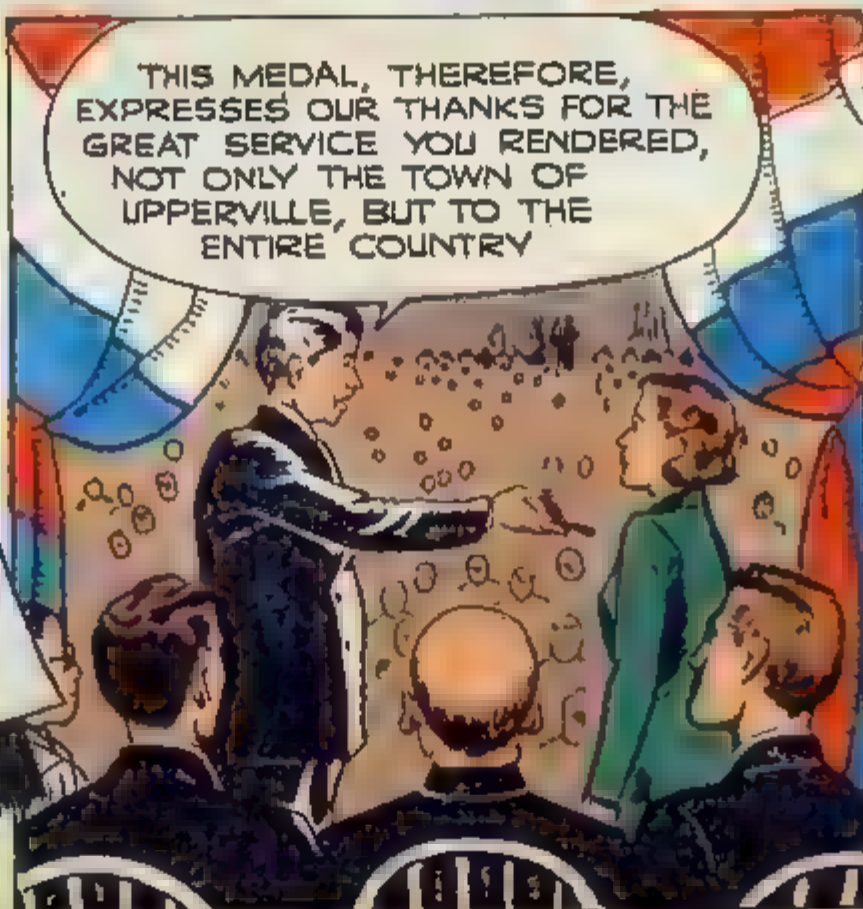
FROM
UPPERVILLE, OFFICE
OF THE MAYOR—
WHAT ON
EARTH?



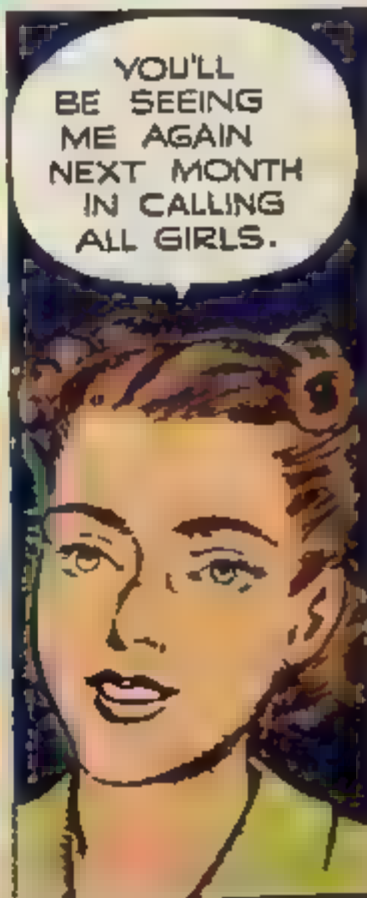
"CELEBRATION
IN HONOR OF
JUDY WING
ON SUNDAY,
NOVEMBER 15,
NINETEEN
HUNDRED AND
FORTY-TWO.

Peter Hawthorne
MAYOR

THIS MEDAL, THEREFORE,
EXPRESSES OUR THANKS FOR THE
GREAT SERVICE YOU RENDERED,
NOT ONLY THE TOWN OF
UPPERVILLE, BUT TO THE
ENTIRE COUNTRY



YOU'LL
BE SEEING
ME AGAIN
NEXT MONTH
IN CALLING
ALL GIRLS.



SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

(Continued from page 10)

and tried not to show her shock at his helplessness.

Early the next morning Ann was up and out of the cabin. She knelt at the edge of a precipice to look far, far down into the canyon. On the glazed snow below, a dark form; beside it, a lumpy white mound.

"The sledge with the mail sack," she breathed. She wanted desperately to shut her eyes, forget the perilous depth and danger which yawned at her. But she could not. The furry shape must be one of Rob's surviving team, tangled in harness. Trapped there, helpless.

"Oh, the poor thing," she murmured.

Last night Rob had told her what had happened. An avalanche had swept team and sledge into the narrow gorge below the trail. By leaping free, he had saved himself from being buried alive. But had sprained his ankle badly. Crawling, hopping, pulling his way painfully from tree to tree, he'd finally reached the deserted trapper's cabin. That night, a frantic scratching at the door. It was Archy. The lead dog, having chewed himself loose, had managed to trail his master. The next day Rob had sent the dog for help.

"I expected Dad would come looking for me." He gave her an odd look. "But I certainly didn't expect you, a tenderfoot southerner."

Ann smiled wanly and asked about the mail.

"You can't go after it. It's a steep drop—treacherous."

"Can you?" she asked pointedly.

"No, but . . ."

"Well, someone has to," she said firmly. "Besides, if you think I'm going to let my letter from Cap'n stay in any old canyon until spring . . ."

He stared at her and gave in.

"But don't take too many chances," he warned.

Chances! So far it made her dizzy just to look. A gulping abyss scooped out of the earth,

sunk below the great bulwarks of the mountains—inaccessible and remote.

Foolish to think of crawling or sliding down—it would be sure death. She'd just have to use that coil of old rope she'd brought from the cabin and hope—yes, pray that it would reach down there and not break.

Slowly she walked over and snubbed it to a tree.

"Wish me happy landings, Cap'n," she said shakily.

Hand over hand, the icy rope slipping through her mittened fingers, she descended. The line wedged into a curve of sharp rock, sawed. Hanging there, Ann grew faint.

"I mustn't look down," she whispered. "I mustn't."

Her hands stiffened with the cold. Her muscles ached with bearing her body's full weight. Lifting her eyes desperately to the cliff's edge, she saw strands fraying from the rope.

"Don't let it break—don't let it!"

It didn't. But what happened was worse. She came to the rope's end and found herself dangling. Still far from the bottom. Ten feet or more to go.

Loosening her grip, she jumped—as the rope broke!

Floundering—sputtering—struggling in deep, suffocating snow. It had broken her fall, but covered her completely. She gasped for air. Out of breath, choking, she waded out.

The poor trapped malamute lifted his head patiently as she worked to free him. That done, there was still the problem of the mail sledge. Somewhere in that white smothering drift was Cap'n's letter.

Digging frantically with both hands, she uncovered the sack, still firmly lashed to the sledge. Miraculously, the sledge itself seemed practically uninjured.

Ann reconnoitered the length of the gorge. At the far end was a more gradual slope to the trail. Climbing it, she called to the three dogs she'd left at the top, who followed her back.

While they pulled the sledge with the poor trapped dog lying on it with the mail, Ann herself pushed. Three dogs for a load that ordinarily needed five. A hard haul through deep snows, over uneven ground—and uphill all the way.

At the top at last, Ann sat and panted. Forty below and she was actually perspiring.

"Well, Cap'n," she said, "I made it!"

At the cabin, Rob greeted her wonderingly.

"Ann, you did it! Got the mail, rescued the dog, and—and everything. And I kind of thought you'd never fit in up here—that you were too soft!"

"I guess," Ann bent to tighten the dog harness, "that was because I didn't really try."

She helped her cousin hobble over to the sledge.

"Find your father's letter?" he asked casually.

Ann nodded. "He's being sent overseas."

"Jingo!" said Rob excitedly.

"Oh, yes, and he wrote that I could go back to California and enter boarding school. . . ."

The glow left Rob's freckled face. After a moment, he said, "Well, I guess you know how much we'll miss you, Ann."

Ann laughed, her arms around Archy's neck.

"Silly, I'm not going back down south! Soldiers go wherever they are sent—and like it. And don't forget that I'm a soldier's daughter."

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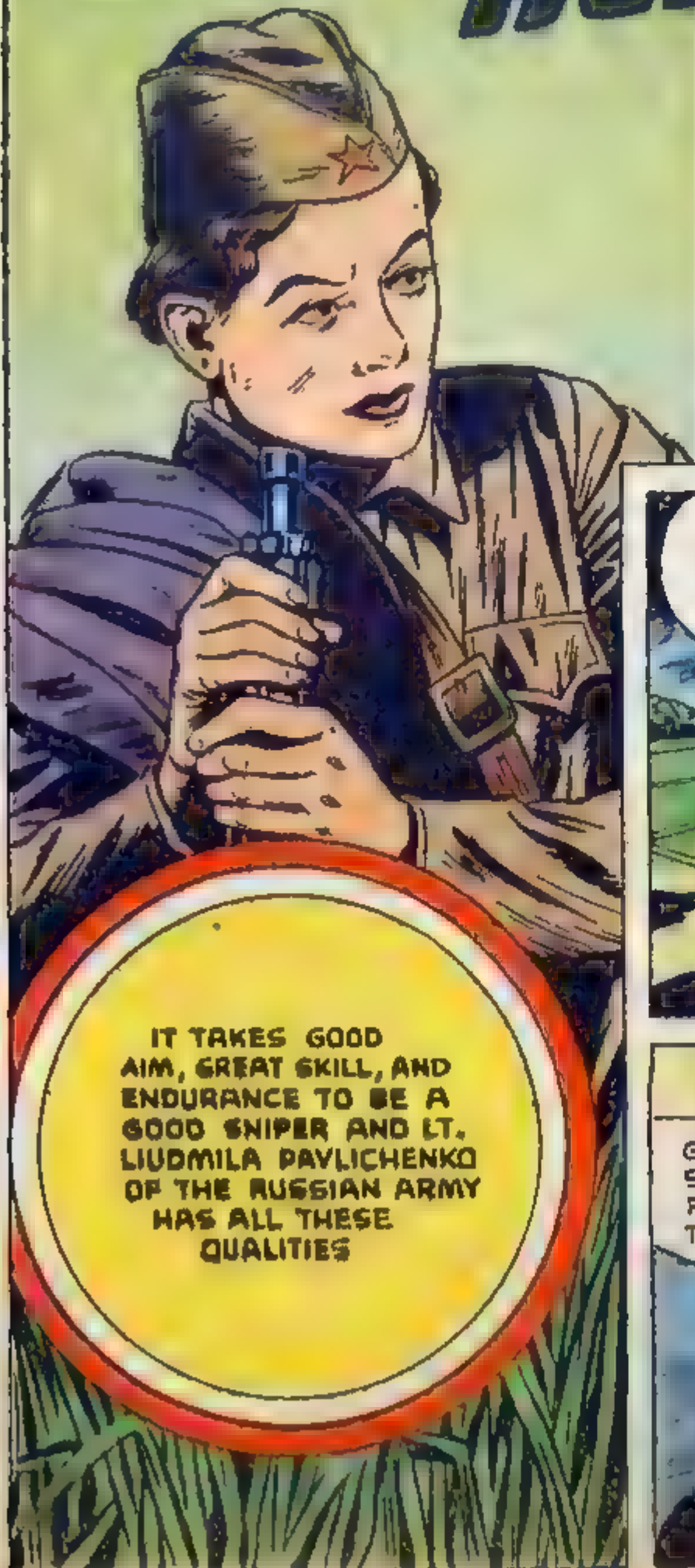
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IN 1932, LIUDMILA WORKED IN A FACTORY IN KIEV.

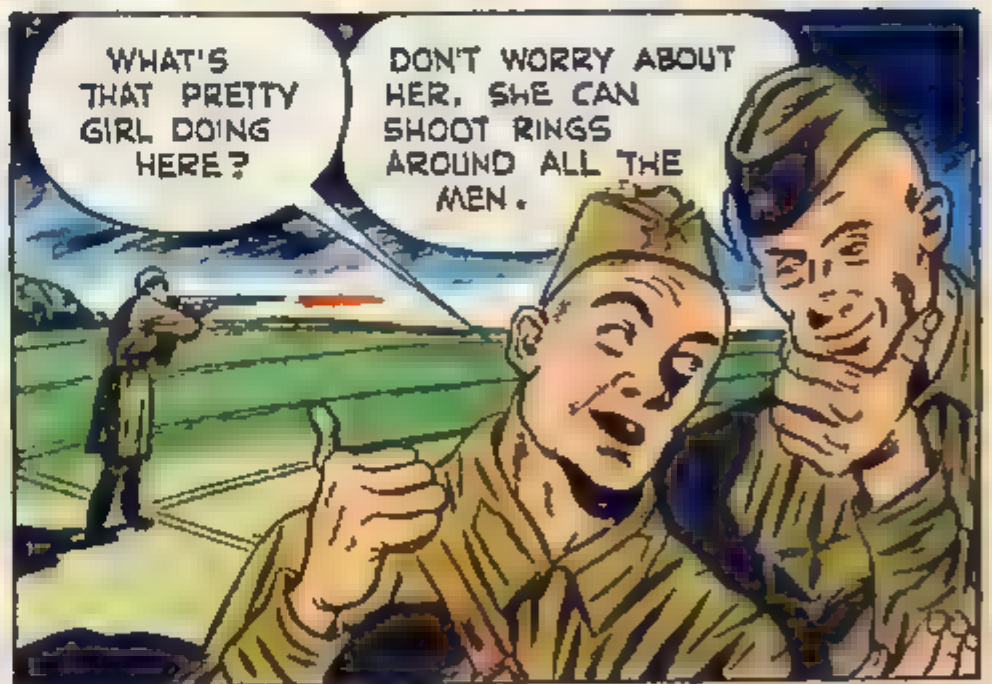
ARE YOU COMING TO THE GAME, LIUDMILA?

NO, I'M GOING OUT TO THE RIFLE RANGE.



WHAT'S THAT PRETTY GIRL DOING HERE?

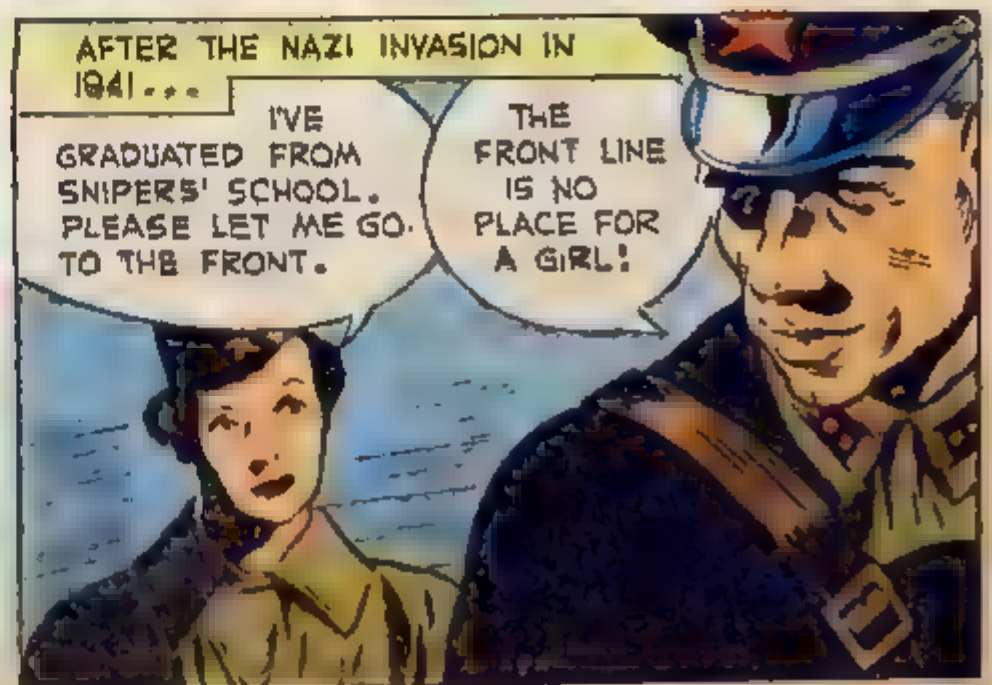
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HER. SHE CAN SHOOT RINGS AROUND ALL THE MEN.

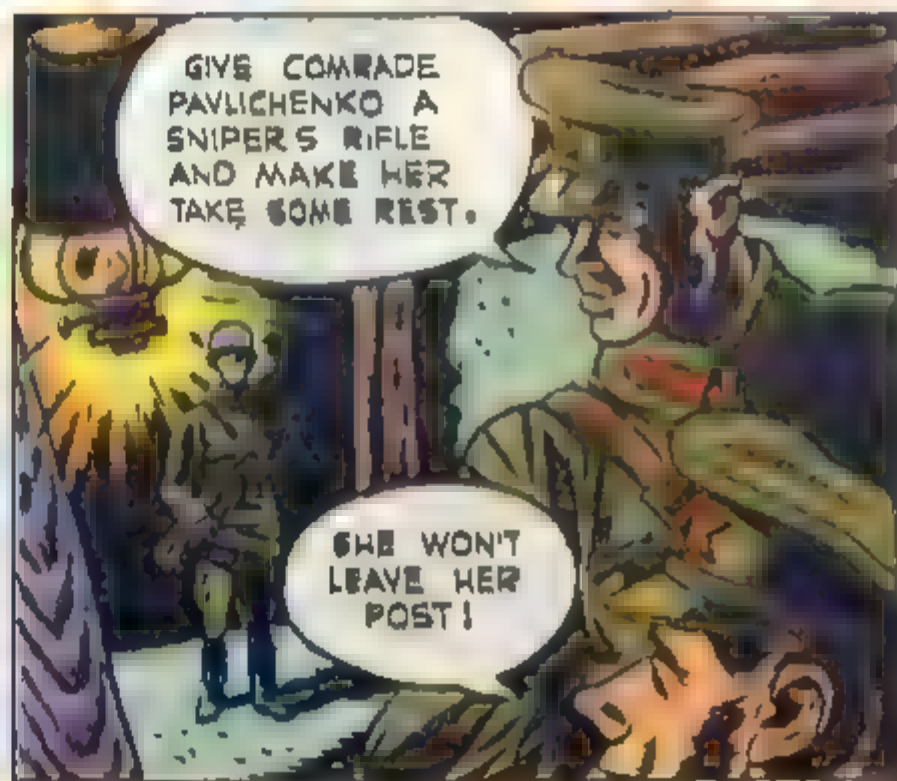
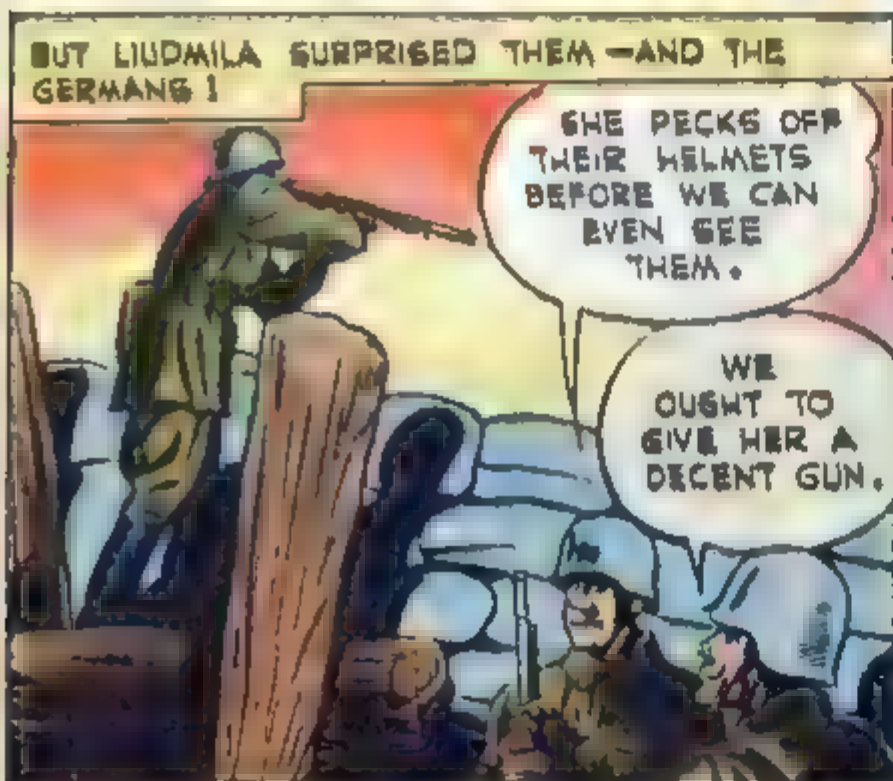


AFTER THE NAZI INVASION IN 1941...

I'VE GRADUATED FROM SNIPERS' SCHOOL. PLEASE LET ME GO TO THE FRONT.

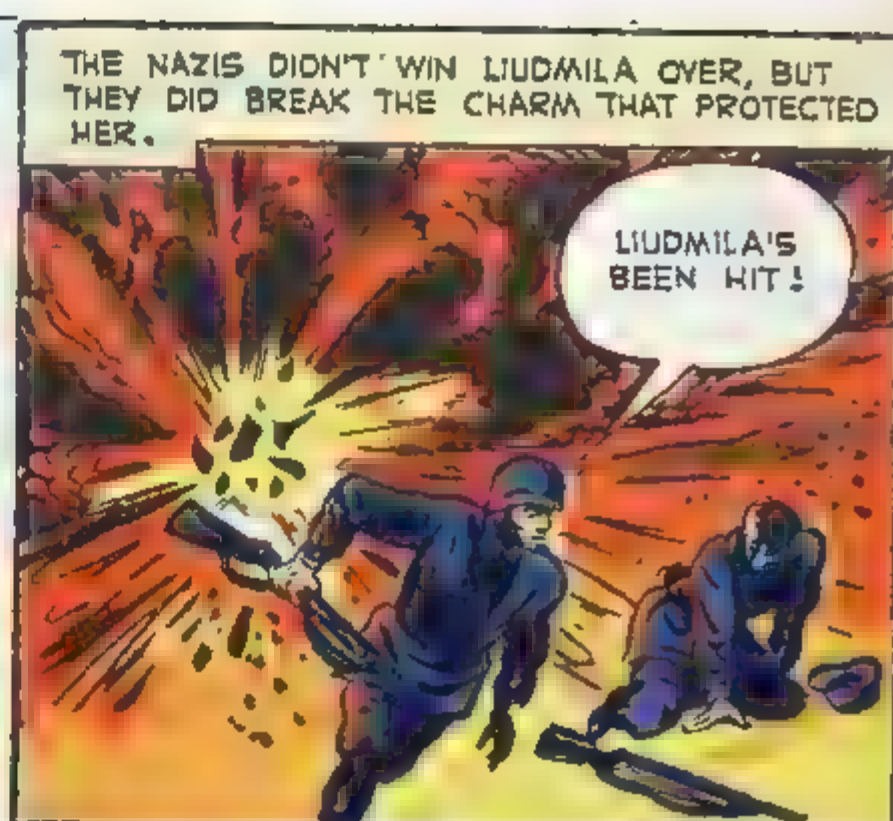
THE FRONT LINE IS NO PLACE FOR A GIRL!







LIUDMILA PAVICHENKO,
COME OVER TO US. WE
WILL GIVE YOU LOTS OF
CHOCOLATE AND CAKE
AND MAKE YOU AN
OFFICER.

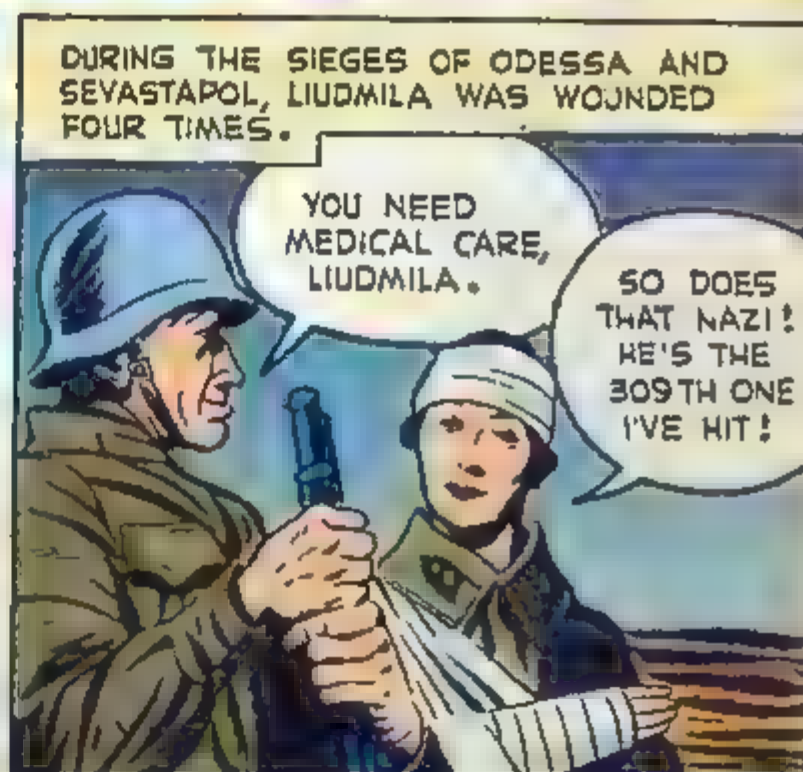


LIUDMILA'S
BEEN HIT!



COME BACK AND
GET YOUR WOUND
DRESSED!

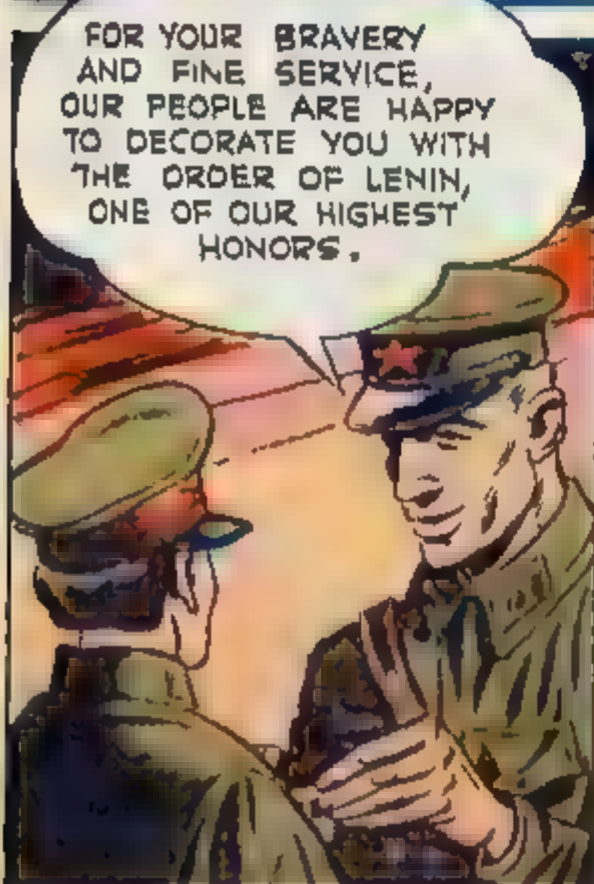
NO! THERE ARE
STILL NAZIS AND I
CAN STILL SHOOT!



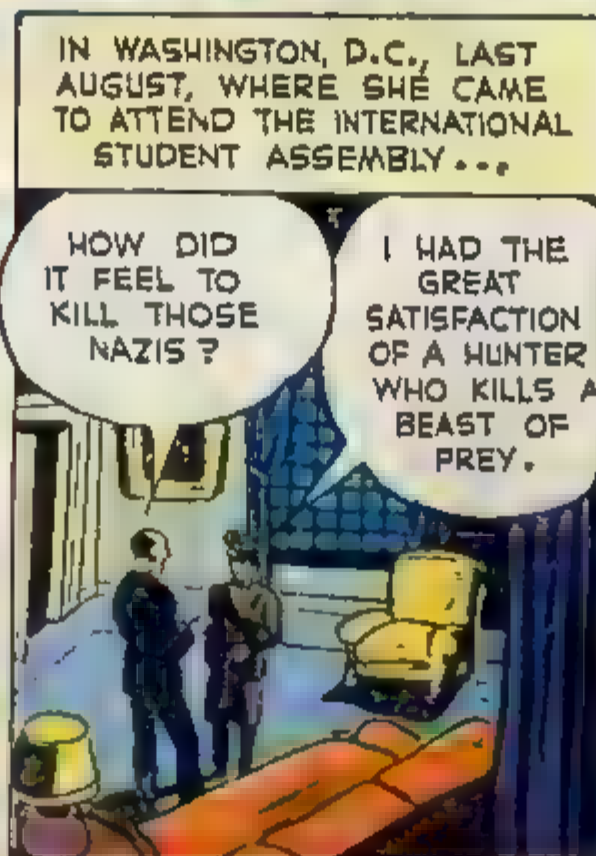
DURING THE SIEGES OF ODESSA AND
SEVASTAPOL, LIUDMILA WAS WOUNDED
FOUR TIMES.

YOU NEED
MEDICAL CARE,
LIUDMILA.

SO DOES
THAT NAZI!
HE'S THE
309TH ONE
I'VE HIT!



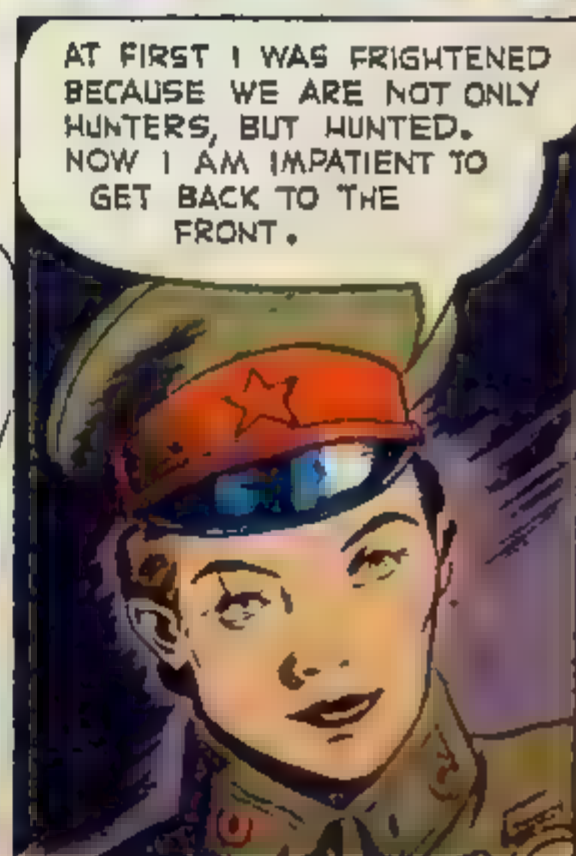
FOR YOUR BRAVERY
AND FINE SERVICE,
OUR PEOPLE ARE HAPPY
TO DECORATE YOU WITH
THE ORDER OF LENIN,
ONE OF OUR HIGHEST
HONORS.



IN WASHINGTON, D.C., LAST
AUGUST, WHERE SHE CAME
TO ATTEND THE INTERNATIONAL
STUDENT ASSEMBLY...

HOW DID
IT FEEL TO
KILL THOSE
NAZIS?

I HAD THE
GREAT
SATISFACTION
OF A HUNTER
WHO KILLS A
BEAST OF
PREY.



AT FIRST I WAS FRIGHTENED
BECAUSE WE ARE NOT ONLY
HUNTERS, BUT HUNTED.
NOW I AM IMPATIENT TO
GET BACK TO THE
FRONT.

GOSH I WISH I HAD A SUBSCRIPTION TO CALLING ALL GIRLS!

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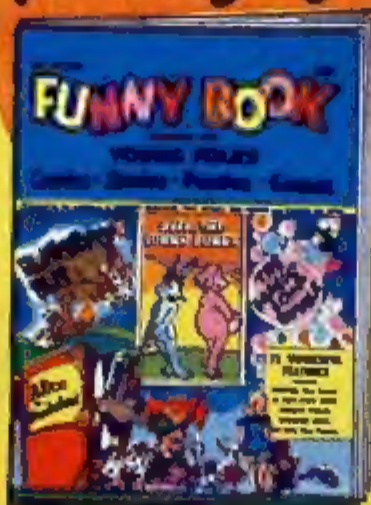
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